PVBLII OVIDII NASONIS DE ARTE AMANDI. Or The Art of Loue.

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PVBLII.
OVIDII NASONIS
DE ARTE AMANDI:
OR,
The Art of Loue.

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this multitude,
That in the art of Loue is dull and rude,
Me let him reade, and these my lines rehearse,
He shall be made a Doctor by my verse.
By art of sailes and oares Seas are diuided,
By art the Chariot runnes: by art Loue's guided:
By art are bridles rein'd in, or let slip:
Typhis by art did guide the *Hemonian* ship.
And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,
To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
And time succeeding shall call me alone,
Loue's expert *Tiphis* and *Antomedon*.
Loue in himself is apish and vntoward,
Yet being a child, Ile whip him when he's froward:
Achilles in his youth was taught to run
On the stringd Lute a sweete diuision:

Art on his rude and sterne aspect did cease,
Instructing him in old *Philerides*:
He that so oft his friends, so oft his foes,
Made quake and tremble when he would disclose.
His furious rage was knowne to be a Sutor,
And with submission kneele vnto his Tutor:
Æneides by *Chiron* was instructed,
And by my art is loue himselfe conducted,
Both goddes sonnes, *Venus* and *Thetis* ioyes,
Both shrewd, both waggish, and vnhappy boyes:
Yet the stiffe Bulls necke by the yoake is worne,
The proud Steed chawes the bit which he doth scorn
And though Loues darts my owne heart cleaues asun-
Yet by my art the wag shall be kept vnder, (der,
And the more deep my flaming heart is found,
The more I will reuenge me of my wound;
Sacred *Apollo* witnesse of my flame,
Behold thy arts I do not falsly clame,
Of *Clios* sisters, loe I take no keepe,
That in the vale of *Asca* feede their sheepe.
Proud skie I teach of what I haue beene taster,
Loue bids me speake Ile be your skilfull master:
And what I speake is true thus I beg in
Be present at my labours loues faire Queene.

Keep hence you modest maids and come not neare,
That vse to blush and shame fast garments weare,
That haue scant ruffes & keepe your haire vnseene,
Whose feet with your white aprons couered beene
From *Vertas* virgins here no place is left,
My muse sings *Venus* spoiles and Loues sweet theft
What kinde affections lovers thoughts do pierce,
And there shall be no fault in this my verse;

FINIS.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE.

FIrſt thou that art a Freſhman and art bent,
To beare Loues armes and follow *Cupids* tent,
Find whom to loue, the next thing thou muſt doe,
Learne how to ſpeake her faire, to pleade and woe:
Laſt hauing wonne thy Miſtris to thy lure,
Ile teach thee how to make that loue endure,
This is my aime, Ile keep within this ſpace
And in this road my Chariot wheele ſhall trace,
Whilſt thou liueſt free and art a Batcheler,
The loue of one aboue the reſt preferre:
To whom thy ſoule ſayes, you alone content me.
But ſuch a one ſhall not from heauen be ſent thee,
Such are not dropt downe from the azure skies,
But thou muſt ſeeke her out with bu[illegible] eyes:
Well knowes the Huntſman where his toyle to ſet,
And in what denne the Boare his teeth doth whet:
Well knowes the Fowler where to lay his gin,
The fiſher knowes what poole moſt fiſh are in,
And thou that ſtudieſt to become a louer,
Learne in what place moſt Virgins to diſcouer.
I do not bid thee ſaile the Seas to ſeeke,
Or trauell farre to find one thou doſt like.

Like *Pelleus* that among the *Negroes* fought,
And faire *Andromade* from *Inde* brought:
Or *Paris* who to steale that daintie peece,
Trauelld as farre as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*,
Behold the populous Citie in her pride,
Yeelds thee more choice then all the world beside.
More eares of ripe corne growes not in the fields,
Nor halfe so many boughes the Forrest yeelds:
So many greene leaues growes not in the woods,
Nor swimme so many fish in the salt floods.
So many Starres in heauen you cannot see,
As here be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
Faire *Venus* in the Citie of her sonne,
Is honoured with *Æneas* first begun,
If in young Lasses thou delight, behold,
More Virgins thou maist see then can be told:
If women of endifferent age will ease thee,
Amongst a thousand thou maist chose to please thee
If ancient women, in the Citie bee
Matrons admired for their grauitie:
To find a Matron Widdow or young Maide,
Walke but at such time under *Pompies* shade,
When as the Sunne mounts on the *Lions* backe,
And store of all degrees thou shalt not lacke:
Or to that marble walke which was begun,
And ended by a Mother and her Sonne.
Abroad, at noone, betimes or euening late,
That day which we to *Luna* consecrate,
Or to the fiftie fisters *Belus* daughters,
That all saue one made of their husbands slaughters
Or that same holiday we yearely keepe,
In which faire *Venus* doth for *Aden* weepe,
Or in the seauenth day sacred more then all,
Which the Iewes nation doe their Sabboth call:

Or

Or to the *Miemphien* Church, where many a vow,
Is made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her cow:
Or to the market place, which way is short,
Women of all estates do there resort,
Repaire else to the pulpets, euen the same
In which our learned Orators declaime,
Here often is the pleaders tongue stroke dumbe
By those attractiue eyes that thither come.
There he to whom anothers cause is knowne,
Speaking of that, wants words to pleade his owne.
Venus reioycing smiles to see from farre,
The Lawier made a client at the barre:
But most of all I would haue thee stir,
At the play time unto the Theater,
Where thou shalt finde them thicke in a great nom-
The matted seates, and the degrees to comber, (ber
Amongst that goodly dew thou maist behold,
Whom thou both lou'st, suest to, & faine would hold
Looke as the laden Ants march to and fro,
And with their heauie burdens trooping go:
Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flie,
Bearing each one her hony in her thigh:
And round about the spatious fields do stray,
So do the faireſt women to a play,
That I haue wondred how it could include,
Of beauties such a gallant multitude.
There many a Captiue looke hath conquered beene
Thither sole armed to see and to be seene.
Great *Romulus* thou first these playes contriues,
To get thy widdowed souldiers *Sabines* wiues,
In those dayes from the marble house did waue,
No saile, no silken flag, no ensigne braue:
The tragicke stage in that age was not red,
There were no mixed coulours tempered:

Then did the ſceane want Art, the vnready ſtage
Was made of graſſe and earth in that rude age.
Round about which the boughs were thickly placed
The people did not think themſelues diſgraced:
Of tuffe and heathie Sods to haue their ſeats,
Made in degree of ſods and maſſie peeces.
Thus plac'd in order, euery *Roman* bride,
Into his Virgins eyes, and by her ſide.
Sate him downe cloſe, and ſeuerally did moue,
The innocent *Sabine* women to their loue.
And whilſt the Piper *Theuſcus* ruddy playde,
And by her ſtamping with his foot had made,
A ſigne vnto the reſt, there was a ſhout,
Whoſe ſhrill report pierſt all the ayre about.
Now with a ſigne of rape giuen from the king,
Round through the houſe the luſtie *Romans* fling:
Leauing no corner of the ſame vnſought,
Till euery one a frighted Virgin caught:
Looke as the trembling Doue the Eagle flies,
Or a young Lambe when he a Wolfe eſpies:
So run theſe poore girles, filling the ayre with ſhrie
Emptying of all the coulour in their pale cheeks,
One feare poſſeſt them all but not one looke
This tears her haire, ſhe hath her wits forſooke.
Some ſadly ſit, ſome on their mothers call,
Some chafe, ſome flye, ſome ſtage but frighted all
Thus were the rauiſht *Sabines* bluſhing led,
Becoming ſhame vnto each *Romans* bed:
If any ſtriu'd againſt it, ſtrait her man,
Would take her on his knee, whom feare made wa
And ſay why weepeſt thou, ſweet what ailſt my de
Dry vp thoſe drops, theſe clouds of ſorrow clea
Ile be to thee, if thou thy griefe wilt ſmother,
Such as thy father was vnto thy mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his ſouldiers pleaſe,
To giue them ſuch faire Miſtreſſes as theſe,
If ſuch rich wages thou wilt giue to me.
Great *Romulus* thy ſouldier I will be,
From that firſt age the *Theater* hath bin.
Euen like a trap to take faire wenches in:
Frequent the Tilt yard, for there oft times are,
Cluſters of people thronging at the barre.
Thou ſhalt not need, there with thy fingers becken,
Of wincking ſignes, or cloſe nods do not recken;
But where thy Miſtris ſits, do thou abide
Who ſhall forbid thee to attaine her ſide,
As neare as the place ſuffers ſee thou get,
That none betwixt thee and her ſelfe be ſet:
If thou beeſt mute and baſhfull I will teach,
How to begin and breake the ice of ſpeech:
Aske whoſe that horſe was, what he was did guide
Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him. (him
Which in the courſe of barriers beſt did do,
And whom ſhe likes, him do thou fauour to.
When thou eſpieſt where *Romes* beſt gallants ſit:
Applaud faire *Venus* with thy Miſtris hand it:
If duſt by chance upon her garments fall,
Looke with thy ready hand thou bruſh it all.
And though none fall, yet looke that without ſcoffe
Thou with thy dutious hand beat that none off.
And let the leaſt occaſion ſhew thy duty,
None can be too ſeruile vnto beautie:
If her looſe garments hang downe that the skirt,
Lick vp the duſt or fall into the dirt:
Officious be to lift it vp againe,
And from the ſluttiſh earth to beare her traine
Happly thy dutious guardian ſuch may be,
That thou her foot or well ſhapt leg may ſee.

Beware that none behind her rudely cruſh her,
Or with his bard knees or his elbowes bruſh her:
Small fauours womens light thoughts captiuate,
And many in their loues make fortunate.
Beating the duſt, or fanning the freſh aire,
Or to her wearie foote but adde a ſtaire.
Such diligence and dutie often proues,
Great furtherance to many in their loues.
Within theſe liſts hath *Cupid* battaile ſounded:
And he that makes men wounds, himſelfe bin wounded:
As careleſſe of himſelfe he pries about,
To know which cõquerors of the Champions ſtout
He feeles himſelfe pierſt with a flying dart,
And wounded ſore, complaines him of his heart.
Oh what aſſemblie did there come to ſee.
Great *Cæſar* ſtand in all his royalltie.
Prayſing his prizes in their ſhouts and skips,
Tooke in the *Perſian* and *Athenian* ſhips,
From both ſides of the Seas young Gallants came,
And Virgins of all ſorts tò ſee the ſame:
Then was the Cittie throng'd, who could not find
In that faire crew a Saint to pleaſe his minde.
Oh gods! how many did kind fancie driue,
Strangers to vs, vs vnto them do wiue.
Behold Great *Cæſar* through the whole world famed
Will adde unto the nations he hath tamed.
The Faſterne kingdomes here to ouerpaſt,
And they of all his Conqueſt ſhall be laſt.
See where a ſtout reuenger comes in armes,
Whoſe haughty breſt the flower of honour warmes
That being but a child leades warre in chaines,
But more then children can by warre conſtraines,
Thy birth day ſhall by generall accord,
With all the neweſt vertues be ador'd,

Thy

Thy wiſedome which might well become the aged,
Shall in the ſelfe ſame ranke be equipaged:
That all the world may wonder one ſo young,
Hath ſuch a ripe wit, and ſo queint a tongue.
Thy gifts out-ſtrip thy age, whoſe ſlow pace lingers,
Such was his inſtant ſtrength, who twixt his fingers
Cruſht two inuenom'd Snakes being in the cradle,
What would he doe being mounted on the ſaddle,
As great as *Bacchus* when his yeares yet greene,
Was in his power amongſt the *Indies* ſeene:
Is *Cæſar* heire vnto his fathers ſpirit,
That his forefathers vertues do inherit,
With their auſpicious fortune proudly dight.
Wars, and ſhall vanquiſh ſtill where he doth fight:
Such be the fates, decree muſt be his fame
That ſhall wage battell vnder *Cæſars* name.
Liue ſt ill thou, youth, of whom thou now art king,
With milkewhite heads and beards thy praiſes ſing,
Reuenge thy wronged brothers, thy dead father,
And to the wars millions of people gather.
Thy father, and thy countries father too.
Caſe thee in armes againſt thy inſulting foe.
Thou bear'ſt religious armes ſo doth not he,
Wrong leades him forth, but iuſtice fightes for thee:
Behold the *Parthians* are already ſlaine.
The Eaſt yeelds homage to the *Latine* traine:
Cæſar and *Mars*, both gods, his fathers both
Bee powerfull in his iourney now he goeth,
I propheſie his conqueſt and his praiſe;
In a rich ſtile vnto the heauens Ile raiſe:
With my field words he ſhall his armie cheare,
Which with their ſweet ſound ſhal inchant each eare
Whilſt I the *Parthians* flight deſcribe at large,
Who backward ſhoote, as flying, their foes charge.

And

And of the *Romans* reſolution write,
In vaine poore *Parthian* ſouldiers thou doſt fight.
Mars the great god of armes, forſake thy droome,
In vaine thou hop'ſt by flight to ouercome:
In what day ſhalt thou faireſt of all things,
Be deck with gold, attended on by Kings.
And drawne along by foure white ſnowie Steeds.
To royalize thy acts and famous deeds.
The whileſt thy troopes of ſouldiers round inuiron
The Captaine of the enemy bound with irons:
Giuing their legs to keepe them from the flight,
Which they before did practiſe in their fight.
The ioyfull young men mingled with ſweet laſſes,
Will croud and preſſe to ſee him as he paſſes,
And now being meet, no ſweete occaſion balke,
Make ſpeech of any thing to enter talke:
Though ignorant in all things, all things know,
And take vpon thee to explaine each ſhow.
As thus ſhe *Euphrates* that firſt proceeds,
Hauing her head bound with a reath of reeds
Call the next *Tigris* with her haire all blew,
Maides may be flattered, to think fained things tru
Say this preſents *Armenia*, *Denae* ſhe,
In the next place let *Achemonia* be.
That man's a conqueror, captiues they that trem
Speake truly, if thou canſt, if not diſſemble.
Thence if you go to banckquet and ſit downe,
To taſt ſweet Viands and to drinke a round,
There may thy thoughts vnto my art incline,
Obſeruing loue. more then the crimſon wine,
Cupid himſelfe alwayes inured to rapes,
Hath with his own whit hand preſt *Bacchus* grape
Vntill his wings with ſprinkeled wine made wet,
He heauie ſits and ſleepes where he is ſet.

T

The dew from off his feathers soone he shakes,
Which from his drowned wings the dry aire takes,
But from his breast so soone he cannot driue,
Loue sprinkled there, though nere so much he striue
Wine doth prepare the spirits, heates the braine hot,
Expels deepe cares, make sorrowes quite forgot:
Moues mirth, breeds laughter makes the poor man proud
And not remembring need to laugh aloud:
Sets ope the thoughts, doth rudenes banish,
Refineth arts, and at wine fight woes vanish.
In wine hath many a young mans heart bin tooke
And borne away in a faire wenches looke,
In wine is lust and rancknes of desire,
Ioyne wine and loue, and you adde fire to fire:
Choose not a face by torch-light, but by day,
Onely grosse faults such splendors can bewray.
Trust no made lights, they will deceiue thine eye,
Thou canst not iudge by torch-light, nor in twie.
At the broad noone tide, when the Sun shin'd rarest,
Did *Paris* say to *Helen* thou art fairest.
The night hides faults, the midnight houre is blind,
And no misshapt deformity can find.
Stones and dyed Scarlet by the day we chuse:
The broad day and bright sunne in beauty vse:
Sometimes vnto those places taske thy feet,
Where the faire forrest huntresses do meete.
In number more then sea sands, these prepare,
To the warme bathes, where many a female are:
There some or other hurt by *Cupids* stroke,
Where troubled waters with warme brimstone smoke
Mistakes the wounds, cause and exclaming raues,
Not blaming Loue, But those vnhokome waues.
See where *Dianaes* grouie Temple stands,
Where kingdoms haue bin won by slaughtring hands

Because

Becauſe ſhe *Cupid* loathes and liues chaſt ſtill.
Much people he hath ſlaine and much ſhall kill:
Thus farre my Muſe hath ſung in diuers ſtraines:
Where thou maiſt find fit place to ſet thy traines,
My next indeauour is to lay the ground,
To atchieue and win the Miſtris thou haſt found.
Be prompt and apt, you that ſhall read my lines,
And vſe attention to their diſciplines,
The firſt ſtrickt precept I enioyne your ſence,
Needfull to be obſeru'd is conſcience:
Be confident, thy ſute being once begun,
And build on this they all are to be wonne.
Firſt ſhall the birds that wellcome in the ſpring,
All mute and dombe for euer ceaſe to ſing:
The ſommer Ants leaue their induſtrious paines,
And from their full mouthes caſt their loaded gaines
The ſwift *Menatian* hounds that chaſing are(
Shall frighted runne backe from the trembling hare
Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee
Poore foole, ſhall haue the hard heart to deny thee
Stolne pleaſure which to men is neuer hatefull,
To women, is now and at all times ever gratefull:
The difference is a Maide her loue will couer,
Men are more impudent and publicke louers:
Tis meet we men ſhould aske the queſtion ſtill.
Should women do it, it would become them ill.
The Heifers ſtrength being once ripe and mellow,
After the Bull ſhe through the field will bellow.
The Mare neighes after the couragious Steed,
But humane luſt doth not ſo much exceed.
Our flame hath lawfull bonds, keep time & ſeaſon,
Nor beſtiall made like theirs, but mixt with reaſon
Shold I of *Biblis* ſpeake whoſe hot deſire
Doth to the brothers lawleſſe bed aſpire:

nd when the inceſtuous deed ſhe well ſuſpendeth,
ith reſolution her ſweet life ſhe endeth:
irrha the loue of her owne father ſought,
ffecting him but not as daughters ought:
er body in a tree rough rinde appeares,
rd with her ſweete and odoriferous teares,
ur bodies we perfume, theſe are the ſame,
irrh of their miſtris *Mirrha* that beares the name:
Ida of tall tree and Cedars full,
here fed the glory of the heard, a Bull, (grew,
now white, ſaue twixt his hornes one ſpot there
ue that one ſtaine he was of milkie hew,
his Bullocke did the Heifers of the groues,
eſire to beare as Prince of all their droues,
t moſt *Paſiphae* with adulterous breath,
nuies the louely Heifers to the death:
peak knowne truth this cannot *Creet* deny,
ith all her hundred Cities built on hie.
s ſaid that for this Bull the doating Laſſe,
id vſe to top freſh boughes and mow young graſſe
or was the amorous *Cretan* Queene afeard,
o grow a kinde companion to the heard:
hus through the Campaigne ſhe is madly borne.
nd a wild Bull to *Minos* giues the horne.
s not for brauery he doth loue or loath thee,
hen why, *Paſiphae*, doſt thou ſo richly cloth thee.
hy doſt thou thus thy face and lookes prepare,
hat makſt thou with thy glaſſe ordring thy haire.
nleſſe thy glaſſe could make thee ſeeme a Cow,
nd how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
Minos pleaſe thee, no adulterer ſeeke thee,
r if thy husband *Minos* do not like thee:
t thy laſciuious thoughts are ſtill increaſt,
eceiue him with a man, not with a beaſt.

Thus

Thus by the Queene the wilde woods are frequen
And leauing the Kings bed she is contented: (ted
To vse the groues borne by the rage of mind,
Euen as a ship with a full Easterne wind.
How often hath she with an enuious eye,
Look'd on the Cow that by her bull did lie:
Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer moue,
My hearts chief Lord, and vrge him to her loue.
Behold, how she before him ioyfull skips,
And proudly ietting on the greene grasse lips:
To please his amourous eye, thé charg'd the Quee
See in these fields that cow no more be seene.
No sooner to her seruants bad she spoke,
But the poore beast was straight put to the yoake.
Some of these strumpet Heifers the Queene slew,
And their warme bloud the alters did imbrew:
Whilst by the sacrificing Priest she stands,
And gripe their trembling entrailes in her hands
Oft praid she to the Gods but all in vaine, (slain
To appease their dieties with bloud of beasts th
And to their bowels speake, go, go, begone,
To please him whom I fondly dote upon.
Now doth she wish her selfe *Europa* then,
To be faire, so pasturing in the fenne,
Io a beast in shape, hide, hoofe, and horne,
Onely *Europa* on a beast was borne.
At length the Captaine of the heard beguilde,
With a Cowes skin with curious art compilde.
The longing Queene obtaind her full desire,
And in the childes birth did bewray the fire:
Had *Cressa* kept her from *Thiestes* bed,
She had not with her childe beene banished.
Nor *Phœbus* stopt his *Carr* that so bright burned
And his Steeds back vnto the morning turned.

ing *Miſus* daughter that was held ſo faire,
tole from her fathers head the purple haire:
nd hanging at the ſhip in her fall.
hang'd to a bird in voice, in ſhape and all.
nother *Silla* was by *Circes* ſpels
ade a Sea monſter, and in the ocean dwels:
eneath whoſe nauell barketh many a hound.
hoſe rauenous gulfe like throats ſhip, and men
he wiſeſt of great *Alcides* that by land, (drownd.
led the great god of war and did withſtand:
eptune by Sea, behold alas ſhe dies.
wofull and lamented ſacrifice:
hoſe ſorrows only not bright *Cruſaes* flame, (ſame
iſhing their ſalt teares might haue quencht the
ho could but weepe to ſee young children ſlaine,
hilſt their warme blouds their mothers garments
hanux Annutors daughter ſhe laments, (ſtaine,
he ſwift pact hurrying chariot teares and rents.
hieſe miſchiefs all by womens luſts engender,
ome of their hearts be tough, though moſt be ten-
omens deſires are burning, ſome contagious, (der
ens are more temporate, farre & leſſe outragious:
hen in my art proceed nor doubt to enioy.
nd win all women be they nere ſo coy.
ſe them by my directions, being learned by thee,
ot one amongſt a thouſand will deny thee:
et loue they to be vrg'd by ſome conſtraint,
s well in things which they deny as grant:
ut take thou no repulſe, iſt not a treaſure,
o enioy new delights and taſt freſh pleaſure.
arietie of ſweets are welcome ſtill,
nd acceptableſt to a womans will:
hey thinke that corne beſt in anothers field,
heir neighbors goate the ſweeteſt milk doth yeeld.

But

But firſt ere ſiege be to thy Miſtris laid,
Practiſe to come acquainted with her maid:
She can prepare the way, ſeeke thy redreſſe,
And by her meanes thou maiſt haue ſweet acceſſe.
To her familar eare your counſels ſhow,
And all your priuate pleaſures let her know:
Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward
With her that's eaſie which to thee ſeemes hard,
She can choſe times, ſo times Phyſitions keepe,
When in thy Miſtris armes thou ſafe maiſt ſleepe,
And that muſt be when ſhe is apt to yeeld,
What time the ripe corne ſwells within the field,
When baniſht ſorrowes, from her heart remoue,
And giues mirth place, ſhe lies broad wake to loue
Whileſt *Troy* was penſiue, twas well fenc'd and kept
But then betraid when they ſecurely ſlept:
Yet ſometimes proue her, when thou find'ſt her ſad
Mourning her owne wrong with ſome vſage bad.
Follow that humor with thy fluent tongue,
Shee'l grace thee to reuenge her former wrong.
Her may the induſtrious maide betimes prepare,
And ſoftly whiſper, yet that ſhe may heare,
Such wrongs no woman that hath ſprit can beare
So ſhee proceeds to thee, lifts thy praiſes hie,
Sweare for her chaſte Loue thou art bent to dye,
And there ſtep in, and doubt not to preuaile.
Yet ere her furious anger hath ſtrooke ſaile,
Rage in that Sea: delay conſumes and dyes,
Like ice againſt the ſunne; no grace deſpiſe
That from the hand-maid comes; with all thy pow
Seeke by conuenient meanes her to deflower.
She is induſtrious and made apt for ſport,
And by her office limits your reſort,

Sh

She, if her owne counsel may be closly kept,
Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.
All is hap hazard, though it be with paine,
My counsell is from these things to abstaine,
I will not headlong ouer mountaines tread,
Nor following me shall any be misled:
But of the maide by whom thou send'st thy letter,
With her care please thee well, with her face better
Begin not therefore with the Maide to toy.
Thy Mistris loue and fauour first enioy.
One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,
Nor let my words amongst the windes depart:
If thou hast mou'd her once take no denyall,
Resolue to act, or neuer to make tryall,
From feare and blame thou art secure and free,
As soone as she partakes the crime with thee,
You see the bird that to the morning sings,
Cannot soare high, when she hath lim'd her wings:
Nor can the sauage Boare with bristled backe,
Breake through those toyles, which he before made
The fish that glides along the siluer brook, (slacke,
Is quickly drawne, being wounded with the hooke,
So hauing once but tride her, make her yeeld,
And neuer part but conquer from the field:
The fault being mutuall, knowing how she fell
The bashfull girle will be asham'd to tell,
But shee can shew thee in familiar phrase,
Both what thy vertuous Mistris doth and sayes.
Alwayes be secret if your gilt appeare,
'Twill in thy Lady breed perpetuall feare.
He is deceiu'd that thinkes all times auaile
For Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to sayle:
All seasons are not kinde when men should sow,
Times must be pickt, to haue your graine well grow.

Nor alwayes is the surging ocean fit,
That the well fraughted ship may saile in it:
Nor is it alwayes time faire girles to wye,
Sometimes abstaine, so doth thy Master doe.
Omit her birth-day, and those Calends misse,
When *Mars* and *Venus* both abstaine to kisse:
At some forbidden seasons being deckt,
With princely tire, vse her with great respect:
In the breame winter when that *Phades* raine.
From the sweet worke of *Venus* most abstaine:
Forbeare the like resort amongst thy wenches,
When that the tender kidd the ocean drenches.
Thou shalt begin euen in that very day,
When wofull and lamenting *Alila*.
Lookes on the tragicke earth made crimson red,
With the wild *Romans* wounds which that day bled
Or in the seuenth feast which is held diuine,
And honoured by the men of *Palestine*.
Thy Ladyes birth day Ceremonies make,
And superstitiously all workes forsake,
Aboue all dayes let that a blacke day be,
When thou giuest ought, or she doth beg of thee
You shall haue some into your bosomes creepe,
Who iestingly will snatch things they will keepe.
And by some slight and pretty wanton suite,
To enrich themselues will leaue thee destitute,
First shall the linnen draper bring his wares,
And lay his pack wide open, at the Faires.
She will peruse them as thou standst her nigh,
The whilst the Draper askes what will you buy?
Strait will she craue thy iudgement in the Lawne,
Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawne:
Then will she kisse thee, pray thee she may ty it,
Thus by her flattery thou art wonne to buy it.

Cant

anſt thou deny the wanton ſhe will ſweare,
his gift ſhall ſerue her uſe for many a yeare:
is now cheape ſhe hath great need of this,
nd euery word ſhe mingles with a kiſſe.
aſt thou no coyne about thee thou ſhalt ſend,
o intreat it by a letter from thy frend.
hat muſt I needs preſent her with this casket,
ecauſe that on her birth day ſhe doth ask it?
hen euery day ſhe wants ſhe will be ſworne,
hat as that very day ſhe's bred and borne,
r when I ſee her how ſhe ſadly weeps,
nd fayning ſome falſe loſſe much ſeeking keepes,
s if ſhe had let fall ſome pretious thing,
iewell from her eare, her hand a ring.
hat's that to me, or if I here her pray,
o borrow this or that vntill ſome day.
hat's lent is loſt, and to be found no more.
omen things borrowed neuer will reſtore.
en tongues, as many mouthes cannot impart,
alſe the ſleights vſed in the ſtrumpets art,
ake loue with letters and thy money ſaue,
nd let them wax, and inke, and paper haue.
eepe what thou haſt, for words good words ſurren-
or flattery, like falſhood euer tender. (der.
re words are cheape, what more thou giu'ſt is
latter, ſpeake faire, 'tis done with little coſt. (loſt,
ld *Priam* by intreaty *Hector* wonne,
hich bribed *Achilles* neuer would haue done:
orce is but weake, intreaty hath her odds.
o we intreate but not inforce the gods.
promiſe is a charme to make fooles fat,
e full of them, promiſe no matter what.
promiſe is a meere inchanting witch,
promiſes 'tis an eaſie matter to be rich.

Dato dona ſicut dat mella geniſta.

The hope of gaine will keepe thy credit free,
Hope is a goddesse false yet true to thee.
Giue her and say, you part on some disdaine,
Thou by her looseth, she by thee shall gaine:
Be allwaies giuing, but your gift still keepe,
And thy delayes in wordes well harmed steepe.
So hath the barren field deceiu'd the swaine,
So doth the Gamster loose in hope to gaine:
Loue that on euen hands growes is most pure,
That which comes gratis longest doth endure.
Write first, and let thy pleasant lines salute her.
A letter breakes the ice of any suiter:
A letter in an apple writ and sent,
Wonne faire *Cidippe* to her louers bent.
You *Roman* Youthes all other toyes resigne:
Leaue the seuen liberall Arts and Muses nine:
As when you heare an Orator declaime,
The people iudge and Senat grace the same.
So when the faire maids thou shalt come among,
Speake well, and they will all applaud thy tongue,
But speake not by the booke, it breeds offence,
To court in strange and fustian eloquence:
None but a gull such Bastard words will praise,
Or in his speech vse an inforced phrase.
Who but a mad man else with Orations,
Plead to his loue, and woe in declamations
Vse a smooth language, and accustomed speech,
And with no straining discourse loue beseech,
As if thou camst to speak a studied part,
But as immediately sent from the heart.
If she receiue thy lines, and scornes to read them
But casting them away, on the ground tread them
Despaire not though, but that she may in time,
And will with iudging eyes peruse thy rime,

time the ſtubborne Heifers draw the waine,
time the wildeſt ſteeds do brooke the raine:
ime frets hard iron, in time the plowſhares worne
t the ground ſoft by which the ſteele is torne.
hat's harder then a ſtone, or what more ſoft
en water is, and yet by droping oft
e gentle raine will eat into the flints,
nd in their hard ſides leaues impreſſiue dints.
o but perſiſt the ſuite thou haſt begone:
time will chaſte *Penelope* be wonne:
ng was it ere the Citie *Troy* was taine:
t was it burnt at length and *Priam* ſlaine.
th ſhe peruſe the ſcroule thou didſt indite,
nd will ſhe not as yet an anſwer write:
force her not, it is enough to thee,
at ſhe hath read it, and thy loue doth ſee.
are not, if once ſhe read what thou haſt write,
e will vouchſafe in time to anſwer it.
firſt perhaps her letter will be ſowr,
d on thy hopes her paper ſeeme to lowr:
which ſhe will coniure thee to be mute,
d charge thee to forbeare thy hated ſuite
ſh, what ſhe moſt forwarnes ſhe moſt deſires,
froſty woods are hid the hotteſt fires.
ely purſue to reape what thou haſt ſowne,
million to a mite ſhe is thy owne.
thou by chance haſt found her in ſome place,
owne on her back and vpwards with her face.
caſion ſmiles upon thee, thanke thy fate,
ale to her beſides with a theeuiſh gate:
d hauing wonne, vnto her wiſely beare thee,
th watchfull care that no Eauſedropper heare
if ſhe walke abroad without delay, (thee.
thou a quicke ſpie to obſerue her way.

When thou meeteſt her abroad.

Keepe in her eye, and crosse her in the street,
Here ouertake her, at that corner meet;
Then come behinde her, then out strip her pace,
And now before her, and now after trace.
Now fast, now slow, and euer moue some stay,
That she may finde thee still first in her way,
Nor be affraid if thou occasion spie.
To iog her elbow as thou passest by.
When thou findest her in the Theater.
Or if thou happenest to behold from fart,
Thy Mistris crossing to the Theater:
Hye to the place, being there look round about thee
And in no seate let her be found without thee
No matter though the play thou do not minde.
Thou sights enough within her face shalt find:
There stand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,
There speaking lookes may whisper thy desire.
Applaud him whom she likes, if thou discouer,
In any straine a true well acted louer.
Make him thy instance, court her by all skill,
If she rise, rise, if she sit, sit thee still:
Laugh thou but whē she smiles, die when she lowers
And in her lookes and gestures loose thy howers.
Thy legs with eating pumice do not weare,
Vse not hot irons to crispe and curle thy haire,
No spruce starch fashions should on louers waite,
Men best become a meere neglected gate.
Blunt *Theseus* came with no perfumes to *Creete*
And yet great *Minos* daughter thought him sweete
Phædra did loue *Hippolitus*, yet he,
Had on his back no Courtly brauery.
Adonis like a woodman still was clad,
Yet *Venus* doated on the louely lad:
Go neate and handsome, comelines best pleases
And the desire of women, soonest ceases.

V

Vse a meete gate, thy garments without staine,
Keepe not thy face from weather nor from raine,
Thy tong haue without roughnes, thy teeth cleare
And white, and let no rust inhabite there,
Weare thy shoes close and fit and not to wide,
Cut thy haire compasse, euen on either side:
Let no disordered haires here and there stand,
But haue thy beard trim'd with a skilfull hand.
Make blunt thy nailes, pare them & keep them low
Let no stiffe haires within thy nostrils grow:
Keepe thy breath sweet and fresh, lest ranke it smell
Such is the aire where bearded goates do dwell.
All other loose tricks and effeminate toyes:
Leaue thou to wanton girles and iugling boyes:
Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
He fauor louers and those amourous flames,
In which he hath bene scorcht; it so fell out,
Mad *Ariadne* straid the Ile about:
Being left alone within that desert plaine,
Where the brooke *Dia* pores into the maine.
Who making from her rest, her vaile vnbound,
Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,
Her golden haire dissolued, aloud she raues,
Calling on *Theseus* to the defused waues
On *Theseus*, cruell *Theseus*, whom she seeks, (cheeks
Whilst showers of teares makes furrowes in her
She calls and weeps, & weeps and calls at once,
Which might to ruth moue the senceles stones.
Yet both alike became her, they grac'd her,
The whilst she striues to call him, or cry faster,
Then beates she her soft breast, and makes it grone
And then she cries what is false *Theseus* gone?
What shall I do? she cries, what shall I do?
And with that note she runs the Forrest through

The tale of Theseus and Ariadne.

When ſuddenly her eares might vnderſtand,
Cimballs and Timbrels toucht with a loud hand
To which the forreſt woods and caues reſound:
And now amaz'd ſhe ſenceles falls to ground.
Behold the *Nymphes* come with their ſcattered hair
Falling behinde, which they like garments weare,
And the light *Satires*, and vntoward crew,
Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
Then old *Silenus* on his lazie aſſe.
Nods with his drunken pate about to paſſe.
Where the poore Ladie, all in teares lies drown'd,
Scarce ſits the drunkard, but he falls to ground,
Scarce holds the bridle faſt, but ſtaggering ſtoopes,
Following thoſe giddy *Bacchanlian* troopes.
Who dance the wild *Laualto* on the graſſe
Whilſt with a ſtaffe he layes upon his aſſe.
At length when the young *Satyrs* leaſt ſuſpect,
He tumbling falls quite from his aſſes necke:
But vp they heaue him, whilſt each *Satyre* cries,
Riſe good old father, good old Father riſe,
Now comes the god himſelfe, next after him,
His vine like Chariot driuen with *Tygres* grimme:
Colour and vòice, and *Theſeus* ſhe doth lack:
There would ſhe fly, and their feare puld her back:
She trembles like a ſtalke the winde doth ſhake
Or a weake reed that growes beſides the lake.
To whom the Gods ſpake, Lady take good cheare,
See one more faithfull then falſe *Theſeus* here.
Thou ſhalt be wife to *Bacchus* for a gift,
Receiue high heauen, and to the ſpheares be lift,
Where thou ſhalt ſhine a ſtarre to guide by night
The wandring Seaman in his courſe aright.
This ſaid, leaſt that his *Tigres* ſhould affray,
The trembing maide, the God his coach doth ſtay

nd leaping from his Chariot with his heeles,
e prints the ſand, with that the *Nymph* he feeles:
nd hugging her, in uaine ſhe doth reſiſt.
e beares her thence, Gods can do what they liſt.
me *Hymen* ſing, and *Io* cry,
Bacchus with the maide that night doth lye:
herefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
nd thou that night vnto thy loue doth owe:
ay to the god of grapes that in thy bed,
e quaffing healths do not offend thy head.
wine much hidden talke thou maiſt inuent: *Loue tricks vſed in eating and drinking.*
o giue thy Lady note of thy intent.
o tell her thou art hers and ſhe is thine,
us euen at board make loue tricks in the wine.
y, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
w with thy ſpeaking eye to moue thy ſuite:
od language may be made in lookes and wincks,
firſt that takes the cup wherein ſhe drinks.
d note the very place her lip did tuch
inke iuſt at that, let thy regard be tuch.
when ſhe carues, what part of all the meate
e with her finger tuch that cut and eate:
if thou carue to her or, ſhe to thee,
r hand in taking it touch cunningly.
with her friend familiar, and be ſure,
much auailes to make thy loue endure:
hen thou drink'ſt, drink to him aboue the reſt,
race him, and make thy ſelfe a thankfull gueſt.
euery thing preferre him to his face.
ough in his function he be nere ſo baſe.
e courſe is ſafe and doth ſecureneſſe lend,
r who ſuſpectleſſe may not greet his friend.
t though the path thou tread'ſt ſeem ſtraight and plaine,
ſome things it is full of rubs againe.

Drinke

Drinke ſparingly, for my impoſe is ſuch,
And in your ſingling him take not too much:
Carrouſe not to much. Carrouſe not but with ſoft and moderate ſups,
Haue a regard and meaſure in your cups.
Let both the feete and thoughts their office know,
Chiefly beware of brawling which may grow
By too much wine, from fighting moſt abſtaine.
In ſuch a quarrell was *Eurition* ſlaine: (after,
Where ſwaggering leades the way miſchiefe comes
Iunkets and wine were made for mirth & laughter,
Sing. Sing if thy voice be delicate and ſweet,
Dance. If thou canſt dance then nimbly ſhake thy feet.
If thou haſt in thee ought that's more then comm6,
Shew it; ſuch gifts as theſe moſt pleaſe a woman.
Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the braine,
Yet now and then I hold it good to faine.
Inſtruct thy liſping tongue ſometimes to trip,
That if a word miſplac'd do paſſe thy lip:
At which the carping preſence find ſome clauſe,
It may be iudg'd that quaffing was the cauſe.
Then boldly ſay, how happy were that man,
That could enfould thee in his armes and then
Wiſh to embrace her in her ſweet hearts ſtead,
Whom in her eare thou raueſt to ſee dead.
But when the tables drawne and ſhe among:
The full crew riſing thruſt into the throng.
And tuch her ſoftly as ſhe forth doth goe,
And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.
Now is the time to ſpeake, be not afraid.
Him that is bold both loue and fortune aid.
Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick true loue ſhow,
Good words vnwares vpon thy tongue will flow,
Make as thy tong could wound thy ſoul with griefe
And vſe what art thou canſt to win reliefe.

ll women of themſelues ſelfe-loued are,
he fouleſt in their owne conceits are faire:
raiſe them, they will beleeue thee I haue knowne,
meere diſsembler a true louer growne.
rouing in earneſt what he faind in ſport,
hen, oh you Maides, vſe men in gentle ſort:
e affable, and kinde, and ſcorne eſchew,
oue forg'd at firſt may at the laſt proue true.
et faire wordes worke into their hearts as brooks,
nto a hollow band that ouer looks:
he margent of the water praiſe her cheeke:
he coulour of her haire commend and like,
er ſlender finger and her pretty foot,
er body and each part that longs vnto't:
nd women as you hope my ſtile ſhall raiſe you,
charge you to beleeue men when they praiſe you,
or praiſes pleaſe the chaſteſt maids delight.
o heare their Louers in their praiſe to write,
uno and *Pallas* hate the *Phrigian* ſoyle:
here *Paris* to their beauties gaue the foile.
uen yet they enuy *Venus* and ſtill dare her,
o come to a new iudgement which is fairer.
he Peacock being praiſed ſpreads his traine,
ſilent and he hides his wealth againe.
orſes trapt richly praiſe them in their race,
hey wiſl curuet and proudly mend their pace.
arge promiſes in loue I much allow,
ay call the gods as witneſſe to thy vow:
or *Ioue* himſelfe ſits in the azure skies,
nd laughes below at louers periuries.
ommanding *Eolus* to diſperſe them quite,
uen *Ioue* himſelfe hath falſly ſworne ſome write.
y *Stix* to *Iuno*, and ſince then doth ſhow,
auours to us that falſly ſweare below.

Gods

Gods ſurely be gods, we muſt thinke they are,
To them burne incenſe and due rights prepare:
Nor do they ſleepe as many thinke they do,
Lead harmeleſſe liues, pay debts and forfeits to,
Keepe couenant with thy friend and baniſh fraud,
Kill not; and ſuch a man the gods applaud.
Say women none deceiue, the gods haue ſpoken,
There is no paine impoſ'd on faith ſo broken.
allere fal- Deceiue the ſly deceiuer they finde ſnares,
ntem non To catch poore harmeleſſe louers vnawares.
ſi fraus. Lay the like traines for them; nine yeare ſome faine
In *Egypt* there did fall no drop of raine,
uſiris kild When *Thratius* to the grimme *Buſiris* goes,
hratius And from the Oracle this anſwer ſhowes:
ecauſe he That *Ioue* muſt be appeaſ'd with ſtrangers blood,
as a ſtran- They ſaid *Buſiris* kild him where he ſtood:
er. And ſaid withall thou ſtranger firſt art ſlaine,
To appeaſe the Gods and bring great *Egypt* raine
Phallaris bull, King *Phallaris* firſt ſaid;
With the worke maſter that the Engine made:
Both Kings were iuſt, death deaths inuenter try,
And iuſtly in their owne inuentions die,
So ſhould falſe oathes, by right falſe oathes beguile
And a deceitfull girle be caught by wile:
Weepe to Then teach thy eyes to weepe, tears perſwade truth
ver, And moues obdurat Adamant to ruth.
At ſuch ſpeciall times that paſſing by,
She may perceiue a teare ſtand in thy eye.
Or if tears faile, as ſtill thou canſt not get them,
Kiſſe her. With thy moiſt finger rub thy eyes and wet them
Who but a foole that canot iudge of bliſſes,
But when he ſpeakes will with his word mixe kiſſes
Say ſhe be coy and will giue none at all,
Take them vngiuen, perhaps at firſt ſhee'l brawle

Striue

Striue and resist her all the wayes she can,
And say withall away you naughtie man.
Yet will she fight like one would loose the field,
And striuing gladly be constraind to yeeld:
Be not so boisterous, do not speake to hie:
Least by rude hurting of her lips she cry.
He that gets kisses with his pleading tongue,
And gets not all things that to loue belong,
I count him for a Meacocke and a sot.
Worthy to loose the kisses that he got,
What more then kissing wanted of the game,
Was thy meere dastardie, not bashfull shame:
They terme it force, such force comes welcome still,
What pleaseth them they graunt against their will.
Phœbe the faire was forc'd so was her sister,
Yet *Phœbe* in her heart thank'd him that kist her:
There is a tale well knowne how *Hecubs* sonne,
To steale faire *Hellen* through the streame did run,
Venus who by his censure wonne in *Ide*,
Gaue to him in requitall this faire bride:
Now for another world doth saile with ioy,
A welcome daughter to the king of *Troy*
The whilest the Grecians are already come,
Mou'd with this publick wrong against *Ilium*:
Achilles in a smok his Sex doth smother,
And layes the blame upon his carefull mother,
What makes thou great *Achilles* tozing wooll,
When *Pallas* in a caske should hide thy skull?
What doth that palme with webs and sbrids of gold
Which are more fit a warlike shield to hold?
Why should that right hand rocke and twig contain
By which the *Trojan Hector* must be slaine,
Cast off these loose vailes and thy armour take.
And in thy hand the speare of *Pelias* shake.

Thus

Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was her belly did bewray:
Yet was she forc'd; so oft we to beleeue,
Not to be so inforst how would she grieue.
When he should rise from her still would she cry,
For he had arm'd him and his Rocke laid by,
And with a soft voice spake *Achille* stay,
It is to soone to rise, lie downe I pray:
And then the man that forc'd her she would kisse,
What force *Deidemeia* call you this.
There is a kinde of feare in the first proffer,
But hauing once begun she takes the offer,
Trust not to much young man to thy faire face,
Nor looke a woman should entreat thy grace,
First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,
Be forward in her care to sue and pray.
If thou wilt reape fruites of thy loues effects,
Onely begin 'tis all that she expects,
So in the ancient times *Olimpian Ioue*,
Made to *Heroes* suite and wonne their loue:
But if thy words breed scorne, a while forbeare,
For many what most flies them hold most deare:
And what they may haue profer'd fly and shunne,
By soft retreate great vantage may be wonne.
In person of a woer come not still,
But sometimes as a friend in meere good will:
Thou camst her friend, but shalt returne her Loue
A white soft hew my iudgement doth disproue.
Giue me a face whose coulour knowes no art,
Which the greene sea hath tan'd the Sunne made (swar
Beauty is meere vncomely in a Clowne,
That vnder the hot Planets plough the ground.
And thou that *Pallas* Garland wouldst redeem
To haue a white face it would ill be seene.

e secrete in oue.

Beauty not approued in a man.

et him that loues looke pale, for I proteſt, *Looke pale.*
hat coulour in a Louer ſtill ſhewes beſt,
rion wandring in the woods Iookt ſickly,
aphne being once in loue loſt colour quickly
hy leanneſſe argues loue, ſeeme ſparely fed *Leane.*
nd ſometimes weare a nightcap on thy head,
or griefs and cares that in affl ctions ſhow, *Sickly.*
eaken a Louers ſpirits and bring him low.
oke miſerably poore, it much behoues,
hat all that ſee you, may ſay, yon man loues,
hall I proceed or ſtay, moue or diſwade?
iendſhip and faith of no account are made.
oue mingles right with wrong, friendſhip deſpiſes
nd the world faith holds vaine, and ſlightly priſes. *Suſpect thy friend in loue.*
hy Ladies beauty do not thou commend,
o thy companion or thy truſty friend:
aſt of thy praiſe enamoured it may breed,
ke loue in them with paſſions that exceed,
t was the nuptiall bed of great *Achilles*
ſtain'd by his deare friend *Actorides*:
e wife of *Theſeus* though ſhe went ſtray,
as chaſt as much as in *Pithirous* lay.
and *Pallas*, *Hermonius*, *Phillades*,
nd the two twins we call *Tentarides*:
nd to the like, but he that in theſe daies,
r the like truſt acquires the ſelfe ſame praiſe.
may aſwell from weedes ſeeke ſweete roſe buds,
ples of thornetrees, honie from the flouds.
othing is practiſ'd now, but what is ill,
ealure is each mans God, faith they excell:
d that ſtolne pleaſure is reſpected chiefe,
hich falls to one man by anothers griefe:
miſchiefe you young louers, feare not thoſe,
hat are your open and profeſsed foes,

Suſpect

Suſpect thy friend, though elſe in all things iuſt.
Yet in thy loue he will deceiue thy truſt,
Friends breed true feares in loue the preſence ha
Of thy neare kinſman, brother and ſworne mate.
I was about to end, but loe I ſee,
Quot capita tot ſenſus. How many humourous thoughts in women be,
But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raiſe,
A thouſand humors woe a thouſand wayes:
One plot of ground all ſimples cannot bring,
This is for vines, here corne their oliues ſpring.
More then be ſeuerall ſhapes beneath the skies,
Haue womens geſtures, thoughts, and fantaſies?
He that is apt will in himſelfe deuiſe,
Innumerable ſhapes of fit diſguiſe,
To ſhift and change like *Proteus* whom wee ſee.
A Lion firſt, a bore, and then a tree.
Some fiſhes ſtrangely by a dart are tooke,
Theſe by a net and others by a hooke:
All ages not alike intrapped are,
The crooked old wife ſees the traine from far.
Appeare not learned vnto one that's rude,
Nor looſe to one with chaſtitie indu'd:
Shoule you ſo do alas the pretty elues,
Would in the want of Art diſtruſt themſelues,
Hence comes it, their beſt fortunes ſome refuſe
And the baſe bed of an inferior chuſe:
Part of my toyles remaines, and part is paſt
Here doth my ſhaken ſhip her ancker caſt.

FINIS.

TH

THE SECOND BOOKE.

Sing *Io Pæan*; twice twice *Io* say,
My toyles are pitcht, & I haue caught my pray:
Let the glad Louer crowne my head with bayes
And before old blind *Homer Ouid* praise.
So did king *Priams* sonne exulting skip, *Paris.*
With the faire rauish'd *Hellen* in his ship: *Pelops.*
So did he sing that in his chariot runne,
And Victor like the bright *Atlanta* wonne.
Whether away young man thy barke is lost,
Set in the mid-sea farre from any coast:
'Tis not enough to thee by my new art,
To finde a Lady that commandes thy heart,
The reach of my inuention is much deeper.
By art thou her shalt win, by art shalt keepe her:
As difficult it is by art to blinde her.
To thy desires, as at the first to finde her.
In this consists the substance of my skill,
Cupid and *Venus* both assist me still.
And gratious *Erato* my stile prepare,
Thou art the muse that hast of Louers care,
Promise wondrous things, I will explaine,
How fickle thoughts in loue may firme remaine,

And how the wag in fetters may be hurl'd,
That strayes and wanders round about the world:
Yet Is loue light and hath too wings to fly:
Tis hard to outstrip him mounting the skie.
What *Minos* to his guest alwayes denied,
A desperate passage through the aire he tried:
As *Dedalus* the Labyrinth hath built,
In which to shut the Queene *Pasiphaes* guilt.
Kneeling he sayes, iust *Minos* end my mones,
And let my native country shroud my bones.
Grant me great king, what yet the fates deny,
And where I haue not liued ô let me die:
Or if dread Soueraigne I deserue no grace,
Looke with a pitious eye on my childs face.
And grant him leaue, from whence we are exilde,
Or pitty me, if you deny my childe.
This and much more he sayes, but all in vaine:
Both sonne and sire still doth the king detaine.
Which he perceiuing, said, now now tis fit,
To giue the world cause to admire thy wit:
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight:
Onelie the ayre remaines, then let vs trie,
To cut a passage through the aire and flie:
Ioue be auspitious to my enterprise,
I couet not to mount aboue the skies,
But make this refuge since I can prepare,
No meanes to flie my Lord, but through the aire.
Make me immortall, bring me to the brim,
Of the blacke *Stigian* waters, *Stix* Ile swim.
Oh humane wit thou canst inuent much ill,
Thou searchest strang arts who would think by s
A heauie man like a light bird should stray,
And through the emptie heauens find a fit way.

The tale of Dedalus & his sonne Icarus.

placeth in iuſt order all his quils,
noſe bottoms with reſolued wax he fills?
en bindes them with a line, and being faſt tide,
placeth them like oares on either ſide.
e little lad the downie feathers blew,
d what his father wrought he nothing knew:
e wax he ſoftened, with the ſtrings he plaid,
t thinking for his ſhoulders they were made:
whom his father ſpake, and then lookt pale,
th theſe ſwift ſhips we to our land muſt ſaile,
paſſage now doth cruell *Minos* ſtop,
ely the empty aire he ſtill leaues ope:
at way muſt we, the land and the rough deepe,
th *Minos* barre the aire, he can not keepe,
in the way beware thou ſet no eie,
the ſigne *Virgo* nor *Bootes* hie:
oke not the blacke *Orion* in the face,
at beares a ſword, but iuſt with me keepe place,
y wings are now in faſtning, follow me,
ll before thee flie, as thou ſhalt ſee.
y father mount or ſtoope, ſo I arreed thee,
ke me thy guide and ſafely I will lead thee.
e ſhould ſoare too neare great *Phœbus* ſeate,
e melting wax will not endure the heate.
if we fly too neare the humid ſeas,
r moiſtened wings we ſhall not ſhake with eaſe,
betweene both, and with the guſts that riſe,
thy light bodie ſaile amidſt the skies.
d euer as his little ſonne he charmes,
fits the feathers to his tender armes,
d ſhewes him how to moue his body light,
birds do teach the little young ones flight:
his he calls a counſell of his wits,
nd his owne wings vnto his ſhoulders fits.

Being about to rise he fearefull quakes,
And in his new way his faint body shakes:
But ere he tooke his flight he kist his sonne,
Whilst flouds of tears downe by his cheeks did run.
There was a hillock not so high and tall,
As lofty mountains be: nor yet so small:
To be with vallies euen, and yet a hill,
From this they both attempt their vncouth skill:
The father moues his wings and with respect,
His eyes upon his wandring sonne reflect.
They beare a spatious course and the apt boy.
Fearlesse of harmes in his new tract doth ioy.
And flies more boldly now vpon them lookes,
The fishermen that angle in the brookes.
And with their eyes cast vpwards frighted stand,
By this is *Samos* Isle on ther left hand:
With *Maxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the rest,
Fearelesse they take the course that likes them best.
Vpon the right hand *Eencithos* they forsake.
Now *Astpelea* with thy fishie lake:
Shadie *Pachinne* full of woods and groues:
When the rash boy to bold in ventring roues.
Looses his guide, and takes his flight so hie.
That the soft wax against the Sunne doth fry.
And the cords slip that made the feathers fast,
So that his armes haue power vpon no blast:
He fearefully from the high clouds looks downe,
Vpon the lower heauens whose curld waues frow
At his ambitious height, and from the skies,
He sees black night and death before his eyes:
Now melts the wax his naked arme he shake.
And seeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
But now the naked lad downe headlong falls,
And by the way he father; father calls?

He

Helpe father, helpe he cries, and as he ſpeakes
A violent waue his courſe of language breakes,
The vnhappy father, but no father now,
Cryes out aloud, ſonne *Icarus* where art thou:
Where art thou *Icarus?* where doſt thou fly?
Icarus where art? when ſtraight he doth eſpie,
The feathers ſwimme, thus loud he doth exclame,
The earth his bones, the Sea ſtill keepes his name. *Vſe in Charmes*
Minos could not reſtrane a man from flight,
But winged *Cupid* be he nere ſo light.
He gulls himſelfe that ſeekes to witches craft, *No Magick potions*
Or with a young colts forhead make a draft.
No power in wiſe *Medeus* potions dwells,
Nor drowned poyſons mixt with magicke ſpels.
The power of Loue is not inforc'd by theſe,
For were it ſo, then had *Erſonides.*
Beene ſtayd by *Phaſius*, and *Vliſſe* kept,
Who ſtole from *Circe*, while the inchantreſſe ſlept.
Theſe charmed drugs moues madneſſe: hurts the brain
To gaine pure loue, pure loue returne again.
Miſchieuous thoughts eſchew to purchaſe grace.
Manners preuailes more then a beautious face, *Vſe manners.*
And yet the *Nimphes* the loue of *Nilus* ſeeke,
And *Homer* doats on *Nieureus* the faire Greeke,
But truſt not thou the beautie to keepe kind,
Thy miſtris ſeekes the beauty of thy minde
All outward beautie fades as yeares increaſe,
Then ſo it weares away and waxeth ieſſe.
Beautie in her owne courſe is ouertaken,
The violet now freſh is, ſtrait forſaken.
For allwayes do the Lilles of the field,
The glorious beauties of their obiect yeeld.
The fragrant roſe once pluckt the briery throne,
Shews rough & naked, on which the roſe was born

Oh thou most faire, white haires come on apace,
And wrinkled furrowes which will plough thy face:
Instruct thy soule, thy thoughts haue perfect made,
These beauties last till death, all others fade.
To liberall arts thy carefull howers apply,
Learne many tongues with their true Euphony:
Vlisses was not faire but eloquent,
Yet to his Loue the Sea *Nymphes* did consent.
How often did the Witch his stay implore,
Making the Seas vnfit for sayle or oare:
She praid him oft, because he spake so well,
Ouer and ouer *Troyes* sad fate to tell.
Whilst he with pithy words and fluent phrase,
Receits the selfe same storie diuers wayes:
Calipso as they on the Sea banke stood,
Casting their eyes vpon the neighbouring flood:
Desires the fall and bloudy acts to heare,
Wrought by the *Ordrisian* Captaines sword & spea
Then holding twixt his fingers a white wand,
What she requests he drawes vpon the sand.
Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he paint
Thinke *Simois* this imagine these my tents:
There was a place in which *Dolon* was slaine,
About the virgill watch when with the raine.
The *Hemonian* horses play, and as he speakes,
To counterfeit that place the sand he breakes,
Here *Scithian Rhesus* tents are pight on high,
This way his horsen en slaine, returned I.
More did he draw, when on the sudaine low,
A climing waue the shore doth ouerflow.
And as her drops amidst his workes doth fall,
It washt away his tents, his *Troy* and all:
To which the Goddesse dares *Vlisses* try,
These senceless violent waues that clime so hie:

An

And wilt thou with theſe waters be annoyed,
By which ſo great names are ſo ſoone deſtroyed.
Then truſt no idle ſhape, it will decay,
Seeke inward beauty, ſuch as laſt for aye:
Sweete affabillity will enter farre
Into a womans breaſt, when ſcorne breeds warre.
We hate the hawke and loath her fleſh to eate,
Becauſe by rapine ſhe doth get her meate.
The Woolfe we hunt, and enuy all her ſtocke,
Becauſe the Lambe ſhe kils, and ſpoiles the flocke:
But none the gentle ſwallow layes to catch,
The louing ſtockes within our turrets hatch,
Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,
Loue with kind language and faire ſpeeches ſpeeds
Strife makes the married couple often iarre:
The man with wife, the wife with man to warre:
Leaue brauls to wiues, they are their marriage do-
And with kinde words ſalute thy Paramoure (wer,
When by appointment you ſhall meet in bed,
By the lawes done, you are not thither led:
Strict ſtatutes from ſuch actions ſtill withdraw,
Yet your abounding loue ſupplie the Law:
Bring louing ſpeeches to enchant the eare,
And mouing words ſuch as ſhe ioies to heare:
I am not Tutor vnto him that's rich,
My precepts ſoare not to ſo high a pitch.
The Louer that's endow'd with gold or fee,
And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.
He that at euery word can take ſupply,
Hath in that euery word more wit then I:
We yeeld to him he that their laps can fill.
Teacheth an art that goes beyond my skill.
My Muſe inſtructs poore Louers wanting pelfe,
For when I lou'd I was but poore my ſelfe.

Still as my purse no store of crownes affords,
I in the stead of rich guts give fair words:
Be fearfull you poore louers to displease,
Be patient to endure things against your ease.
Things that the rich would scorne, it was my hap:
Once as my head lay in my mistris lap:
To grow intrag'd, when straight I fell to beate her,
To touse her ordered locks and ill intreate her.
But what ensude oh God, much griefe it cost me,
Many sweet dayes, many sweet nights it lost me.
Whether I toucht her cloathes, I might deny,
She sayes I tore them, I some new must buy:
You Schollers by your Masters harmes beware,
These ills by him already proued are.
Make against the *Parthians* warre, but to thy Loue
Being concord peace, and all things that can moue:
Though at the first you finde him but vntoward,
Beare it, and she in time will proue lesse froward.
The crooked arme that from the tree is cut.
By gentle vsage is made straite, but put:
Such violence is it as thy strength deliuers.
And thou wilt breake the short wood into shiures.
By industry thou maist ore swimme a floud,
Whose raging currant else is scarce withstood.
By industry the *Tigres* gently grow:
And the wild Lions may be tamed so.
The sauage Bull whose fierce ire doth prouoke,
By industry is brought vnto the yoake:
Arcadian Atalanta was most cruelie,
At length came one whom she esteem'd her Iewell.
Oft wept *Hippomanes* at his mishap,
And her seuerity who sought to intrapt
Her harmlesse Loues, oft, at her fierce becke,
He laid betwixt his shoulders and her necke.

he toyles for sauage Beasts: and with his speare,
e pierst such vntam'd cartell as came neare:
o such hard taskes I do not thee compell
o arme thy body against Monsters tell.
the wide wildernesse to seeke out broyles,
or on thy necke to beare the guilefull toyles.
y imposition is not leuere:
o such aduentures are inioyned here.
his onely meanes all danger will disperse:
eeld her her humour when she goes perverse:
hat she in conference argues, argue thou.
hat she approues, in selfesame words allow,
y what she saies, deny what she denies,
she laugh, laugh, if she weepe wet thine eyes.
nd let thy countenance be to thine a law,
o keepe thy actions and thy lookes in awe:
r if thou hand to hand shalt play at dice,
t tables or at chests by some deuise,
et her depart a Conquerour else'twere sinne,
hat gladly thou wouldst loose, that let her win.
et thy officious hand then beare her fan.
hen thou shalt chance her through the streets to
ake thy supporting arme to hers a stay,
hrough throngs and presses vsher her the way.
she ascends her bed set her a staire.
y which to clime and every thing prepare:
hat she may see them done without offence,
each thou her pantrefles or take them thence.
nd standing by to watch her while she rests,
arme thy cold hands betwixt her panting breasts
er thinke it base, 'twill please though it be base,
o hold the glasse vnto thy Mistris face.
e that deseru'd within those heauen to tarry:
hich he before vpon his backe did carry.

Humor her.

Loose to her at game

Beare her fanne.

Hercules

Performing

Performing more then *Iuno* could command him
So wrong, that no fierce mōster could withstād him
Euen he *Alcides Ioles*. Grace to win.
Shapt like a woman did both card and spin.
Go thou, and in his feruill place proceed,
And gaine as faire a mistris for thy meed:
Art thou inioyn'd at such an hower to be,
In the great *Forum* where she waites for thee.
Hasten thy weary steps and thank thy fate,
Come there betimes, depart not thence till late:
Bids she thee go, all businesse lay apart,
Run, till with extreame heate thou melt thy heart
Sups she abroad, and wants she one to attend her
Backe to her lodging, it will not offend her:
To wait her at the same place in the porch,
And light her home directly with a torth:
Is she in the Country, and commands thee come,
Hast thou no coach vpon thy ten toes run.
Let neither winter blast, nor stormes of haile,
Nor the hot thirstie dogstarre let thee faile:
Shun neither heate nor cold but see thou go,
Though euery step, thou treadst knee deep in sno
Loue is a kinde of war, all such depart,
As beare a timerous or a sloathfull heart. (on
Nights, winters, long waies, watching griefe in mi
Torments Loues souldiers in their foft pauilions:
On cold ground thou must lie beare many a shov
When the heauens open and the floudgates pow
So *Phœbus* when *Admetus* sheepe he kept,
In a thatch cottage on the cold flower slept.
What *Phœbus* did, who may it not beseeme,
Better then *Phœbus* of himselfe esteeme:
What mortall louer dare, then sloth despise,
You that confirm'd and lasting loue deuise.

Hazard for her.

Fat the outward gate a watch ſtand centry,
Or ſay the bolts or locks deny the entry: (crall,
Search ſome ſtrange paſſage, through a caſement
Or by a cord downe from the chimney fall.
Thee in her louing armes ſhe ſtraite will take,
Reioicing thou wouldſt hazard for her ſake:
Euery vaine feare and danger thou doſt proue,
Is a ſure pledge and token of thy loue:
Oft had *Leander* without *Hero* ſlept,
To find his loue into the ſea he leapt.

To vſe her maides.

Thinke it no ſhame the fauour to deſerue,
Of euery Maid, that doth thy Miſtris ſerue:
Salute them by their names in curteous ſort,
For theſe are they that can preferre thy ſport.
And more and more into their grace to grow,
Some trifling gifts on each of them beſtow:
Eſpecially regard her ſmiles or frownes-
Whoſe office is to bruſh her Miſtris gownes:
To her make meanes, for ſhe is groome porter,
Both to her bed, and ſuch as do reſort her:

What gifts to ſend her.

Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee ſend her,
I meane thy loue, but knacks of value ſlender:
As when the ochard boughes are clagd with fruite,
In ſome choice diſh from thence comméd thy ſuite
And let the little page that beares them ſay,
Though thou perhapshaſt bought them by the way
Theſe pears, or plums, or graps which I preſent you
As his firſt fruites were by Miſtris ſent you.
Or be they hazell nuts, or cheſenuts great,
Euen ſuch as *Amarilis* lou'd to eate.
Or a young Turkie, theſe will ſhew thy hart
Theſe gifts ſend freely, lay thy gold apart:
Such preſents neuer bring men to diſpaire,
To vntimely age, or to tormenting care.

O let them amongst others rot and perish.
That hate mens person, and their presence cherish.
Send her verses. What shall I bid thee send her, meetred rimes.
Alas, they find small honour in these times,
Verses they praise, but gold they most require,
If rich, though barba rous he commands desire:
This is the golden age: not that of old,
Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the traine,
Yet without gold he may retire again:
Some girles their be but they be passing few,
Worthy to rancke amongst that learned crew.
Others vnlearned there are yet would be held,
As if in skill in iudgement they excel'd:
Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile,
Of sweetest posie their worthes compile:
Note. Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteeme:
And like a slight gift thy sweet verses seeme.
What thou intend'st to do by some fine feate,
Cause of thy Lady may of thee entreat.
Art thou by couenant tide, and must it be,
That thou of force must set thy seruant free:
Contriue it so, that it she dare protest,
Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
Art thou for any rash offence aswag'd,
So make thy peace, that she may be ingag'd:
Do as thy profit leades thee and yet so,
That she for euery thing thou dost may owe.
Praise her attire. And thou that hast attai'd by passions deepe,
Thy Ladies grace and would'st her fauour keepe.
Make her beleeue still when thou view'st her fe t
Through all the world she is the faire st creature
If cloth of *Tire* she weare that habit laud,
Her *Tertian* vesture with thy tongue applaud.

ſilke which we from rich *Arabia* trafficke,
weare ſuch attire cannot be found th ough *Affrick*
cloth of gold ſhe weare, tuſh gold is baſe,
you compare her habit to her face:
in the cold ſhe but a freeze gowne weare,
hen her perfection makes that garment deare.
ſhe compleatly dreſt, and rapt with ioy?
ry out aloud my heart burnes bright as *Troy*.
oth ſhe aboue her forehead part her haire?
hat louely ſeene doth make her twice as faire:
re her curld locks in careleſſe treſſes dangled? *Her dancing*
n theſe criſpe knots thy heart muſt be intangled. *Her voice.*
ſhe doth dance, admire her actiue feet,
ſing hen wonder at her voice ſo ſweet.
ut when ſhe ceaſeth, either then complaine,
treating her to try her skill againe.
o this and were her heart as hard as braſſe,
r more obdurate then *Meduſaes* was,
et ſhe in time ſhall be compeld to yeeld,
nd thou depart a Conqueror from the field:
nely beware of too apparent flattery,
will deſtroy the ſiedge and tedious battery.
ſſembling with Art, tempered much imports,
lſe from all fature credit it dehorts:
n Autumne when the yeare is in his pride.
nd the grape full with wine red's on the ſide.
Vhen the cleare aire keeps a deuided ſeate,
ffording ſometimes cold and o et mes heate.
Vomen are prone to loue healthfull and quicke,
ut if by chance thy Lady he falſe ſicke,
ake both thy loue, zeale, faith, & all things cheap,
hen ſow what with full ſickle thou maieſt reape,
aſt all about her longing thoughts to pleaſe,
eeme nor as if thou lotheſt her diſeaſe:

Imploy

Imploy thy hand in each thing done to her,
These offices euen of themselues will woe her,
Let her behold thee weepe as thou stands by
That she may drinke each teare falls from thy eie,
Vow manie things, but all in publicke stile
Tell her thy pleasing dreames soe make her smile.
And let the trembling nurse thought fit to watch,
Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match:
Let her peruse the bed and make it soft,
Whilst with thy hand thou turnst & rearst her oft;
These are the easie footsteps thou maist tread,
Which haue made way to manie a wanton bed:
No such faire office can with hate be stained,
Rather by these affection is soone gained.
But minister no drugs of bitter iuice,
Such let the riuall temper to his vse.
Now greater gusts must to my Barke giue motion,
Being from the shoare launcht forth into th'ocean.
Young loue at first is weake and craues forbearing
But in continuance gathers strength by wearing:
Yon moodie bull of whom thou art afraid
Being but a calfe thou with his hornes hast plaid.
That tree beneath whose branches thou dost stand
To sheeld thee from a storme was once a wand:
A Riuer at the first not once a stride,
Increaseth as he runs his waters wide,
Receiuing in Fresh brookes in diuers ranks,
Till he in pride haue overflowne his bankes,
Vse to conuerse with her, the speeder knowes,
What strength from custom & acquaintance grows
Frequent her often, be from her seld away.
Keepe in her eare and eie both night and day.
And yet sometimes from these thou maist desist,
'Tis good one should be asked for being mist

Frequent
her

absent from her some conuenient season,
d let her rest a while it is but reason.
e field being spar'd returnes vs treble gaine,
er great drough, the earth carrouses raine:
llis did loue *Demophoon* but not doate,
til she saw his flying ship a floate.
nelope her absent Lord did mourne,
Laodemia did till the returne,
her deare spouse but be not long away.
ares perish: new loue enters by delay.
hen *Menelaus* from his house is gone,
oore *Hellen* is afraid to lie alone:
id to allay these feares lodg'd in her breast,
her warme bosome she receiues her guest.
hat madnesse was it *Menelaus* say,
hon art abroad whilst in thy house doth stay,
nder the selfesame roofe thy guest and Loue,
adman vnto the Hawke to turne the Doue.
nd who but such a gull would giue to keepe,
nto the mountaine wolfe full folds of sheepe,
llen is blameless, so is *Paris* too,
nd did what thou or I my selfe would do.
he fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,
limiting these louers time and place,
om thee the seed of all thy wrongs are growne,
hose counsell hath she followed but thy owne.
as what should she do, abroad thou art,
home thou leau'st thy guest to play thy part:
o lie alone the poore wench is afraid,
the next roome an amorous stranger laid,
r armes are open to embrace him he tals in,
nd *Paris* I acquit thee of thy sinne:
ither the brisled Boare in his fierce wrath,
orne by the rauenous dogs more anger hath.

Be absent from her.

Vlisses.

Womans rage.

Nor

Nor the she Lion hid within some ake,
Seeking her lost whelpe, hid within some brake,
Nor the short Viper doth more anger threaten,
Whom some vnwarie heele hath crusht and beaten
Then a fierce woman shewes her selfe in mind,
Her deerest in adulterous armes to find.
Oh then she swells, her fierd eie bures apace,
And you may see her thoughts writ in her face:
Through swordes, through flames she rushes, ther
So grieuous but she acts it with her will: (no
This breakes all mutuall loue though well com-
pounded;
This destroies all, though nere so firmelie groun-
ded.
Medea did her husbands guilt repaire.
And with her bloudie hand *Absiretis* slay.
Yon Swallow which thou seest wa such another,
Before her transformation a fierce mother:
And that he deeds may yet be vnderstood:
The feathers of her breast were staind with blou
But for all this I taske not thy affection,
Of one, and her alone to make election:
You Gods defend the fords should proue so dee
Th se married men haue much adoe to keepe.
Play you the wantons, but being done conceale
And by no brags or foolish boasts reueale it.
Meete at no certaine houre, giue no knowne gif
Thy vsuall place of meeting oft en shift:
It may be shroud disturbers some may lend thee,
And spialls may be set to apprehend thee,
And when thou writest peruse thy letter first,
Before thou send some, take things at the worst.
Venus being wrong'd, maks war still mouing sorr
Who late from others griefe their mirth did borr

Whilſt *Agamemnon* liu'd with one contented,
His Wife was chaſt and neuer it repented:
His ſecret blows her heart did ſo prouoke,
Vanting a ſword ſhe with the ſcabbard ſtroke,
The heares of *Chirſes* and the many iares,
About *Larneſis* to increaſe the warrs:
And therfore meer reuenge the Lady charmes,
To take *Thieſtes* in her amourous armes.
If when thou haſt gone on thy nightly arrant,
The act by circumſtance peares too apparant:
Deny it ſtedfaſtly, what ere they know,
And boldly face them that it was not ſo:
Be not ſo ſad or oft too mirthfull cheare.
Leaſt in thy countenance thy deeds appeare:
In thy cloſe meetings vſe thy nimble knee,
It may perhaps a bould intruder be.
And after ſo repulſed ſcale the fort,
But venture not too rathly on thy ſport:
Many there be by whoſe vnskilfull motions,
You are preſcrib d ſtrang drugs and diuers potions
To make you luſtie they are poyſons all,
To infect the body and inflame the gall.
Pepper with biting nettleſeed they mixe,
Of baſtard pellitory ſome few ſticks:
Which beaten and in old wine drunk vp cleare,
Likes ſpightfull men aloft their ſtandards beare:
The Goddeſſe that beneath high *Eriue* raignes
Into her pleaſure no ſuch bloud conſtraines: *Venus.*
White skallions brought you from *Megera* eate,
With garden ſage make ſallets to thy meate.
Take new laid eggs, freſh hony from the Bees.
Pine apple nuts full ripe, eate ſuch as theſe: (gicke,
This holeſome fare bree , snought, corrupt or tra-
That hath my Art to do with helliſh Magicke.

Thou that but now wast bid thy guilt to hide,
Turnes from that course, boast and in it take pri
Nor blame the lightnesse of thy Tutors mind,
You see we do not saile still with one wind,
Sometimes the East, and when his fury failes:
West, North and South by turn doth fill our saile
The Chariot driuer sometimes slakes his raines,
Sometimes againe horses he restraines.
Many there be which calmes much doth blind,
And if the finde a riuall grow vnkind:
Prosperity makes humane minds grow ranck;
Themselues to know, or their great God to thank
Nor is it held an easie taske to find,
Men that all fortunes beare with equall mind.
As fire, his strength being wasted hides his head,
In the white ashes sleeping though not dead.
And when a suddaine blast doth come by chance
Spare fire and light all wake as from a trance:
So when with sloth and rest the spirits grow blunt
Loue must be quickened euen as fire is wont.
Make her to feare and to looke pale sometime,
By shewing her some instance of thy crime:
Which she suspected erst in some strange vaines,
Must she abide whilst she thy guilt complaines.
No sooner the report of this assailes her,
But colour, voice, and euery sence strait failes her
Then I am he whose face she madly tears,
Whom she desire to haue straight by the eares
Hate me she must and yet good God she may not
Without me liue she will (alas) but cannot,
Dwell not vpon this passion, but at length.
Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength:
By this her white neck with thy arms imbrace,
Drying the tears that trickle downe her face,

Ki

Kiſse her yet weeping, her yet weeping ſhow.
All the proud ſweets the Queen of loue doth know
This makes true concord in her greatest rage,
These ſports alone her paſſion can aſswage.
Peace goes vnarmd & knows not warlicke faſhions
This happy peace is knowne among all Nations:
Doues by their nõbring ſongs ſhew their good wils
But now they fought & now they ioyne their bills,
The firſt confuſed Maſſe no order knew,
Earth Sea and Heauen, had all one face, one hew.
Strait was the heauens the earths large couering
The ſhore guirt in the Sea nor to inuade, (made
Either in others bounds then *Chaos* ceaſt,
And each thing in their ſeuerall part increaſt:
The woods receiue the beaſts, aire the birds take,
Fiſh the Sea chooſe and the land forſake,
Man wanders in the field and knows no art,
Meare ſtrength his body rules, meare luſt his hart,
Grous were his cities, ſhadowed bows his dwelling
Water his drink all other drinks excelling,
And long it was ere man the woman knew,
Till pleaſure did their appetites purſue,
And then vpon theſe vnknown ſweets ſhe venterd
Where many an vnſacke tort was ſcald and enterd
Yet they had none, no man then plaid the Sutor,
But lay with her and lik'd without a tutor:
Euen ſo one bird doth with another toy.
And the male fiſh doth with the female ioy.
The Hart the Doe doth follow, ſerpents to
Are with the ſerpents held their feat to do:
The hounds in their adulterate parts were faſt,
The ioyfull Ewe receiues the Ram at laſt.
The Cow with lofty bellowing meets the Bull,
And the ranke he Goate finds the female trull.

The Mare to try the valiant horses courage
Swims ouer fords, and doth large pastures forrag
To thy offended loue giue this strong potion,
And perfect friendship strait succeeds the motion.
This medicine rightly took all hate expels,
Apply it then others it far excels,
As I was writing, loe the God of fire,
Appeares, and with his thombe he stroke his lire.
In his right hand a branch of Lawrell grew,
A Lawrell chaplet I might likewise view,
Circle his brow, though all men do not know it,
This showes the Sunnes God *Phœbus* is a Poet.
Who after mouing of his head thus spake
Mistris of Loue, thy amorous Schollers take,
And lead them to my temple built on high,
There is an old Sunne knowne in euery skie.
Which by his Characts doth plainly show
That euery man must learne himselfe to know:
Alone he wisely loues that can do so.
He that is faire may shew his amorous face,
Whose skinne is white to do his colour grace.
Ly raked with his necke and shoulders bare,
Let him shun silence, whose discourse is rare.
He that sings, sing by art, that drinks drink to,
By art and without cunning nothing do.
Let not the learnd in their words declame,
Nor the vaine Poet prate of his owne fame.
So *Phœbus* warnes, *Phœbus* himselfe hath said it.
And his braue words are worthy to haue credit.
To come more neare the Louer that Loues wise
If these my precepts he obserue precisely:
Shal reach his wish, th'earth brings not stil incre
Ships when the winds keep in, their course
cease.

cw be our helpes, but many be our troubles,
mall is our furtherance which our let ſtill doubles
Louer muſt endure much griefe beſides,
or euery Hare in *Æthe* that abides.
or euery berry that the Oliue yeelds,
or euery ſpike of graſſe ſprong in the fields:
or euery ſhell ſtrowed on the ſalt ſea ſhore,
oue hath one griefe to taſt, and ten griefs more.
t told that ſhe abroad, but now did wonder,
et in the window ſeeſt her with her Pander.
ame thou thine eies, for it ſhall much auaile thee
hink not that newes, but that thy eie-ſight fail'd thee,
ocks ſhe the doore ſhe promiſed to leaue open.
thinke not ſhe deceitfully hath ſpoken.
ke vp thy lodging make thy bed thy floore,
y pillow the cold threſhold of the doore:
rhaps a Maide from high may caſt a flout,
d aske what's he doth keep the gates without.
t both the Maide and rude poſts do thou flatter,
rinkling the ſeats and portalls with roſe water.
he call come if bid thee go, then trudge.
iles ſhe vpon thee, doth ſhe call thee drudge:
y doth ſhe knocke thee, beare it, it is meete,
or ſcorne it though ſhe bid thee kiſſe her feet.
well on trifles, greater matters heare,
which thou people lend a generall eare:
ſtricter impoſitions now we enter.
rtue is ſtill imployed no hard aduenter.
iua'll brooke do this, and by *Ioues* power,
ou art inthrong'd a Conquerour in his tower,
thinke me not a man that thus doth teach,
me rough hew'd oake doth this hard doctrine preach.

This is the hardeſt thing I can impoſe thee:
If ſhe deſie beare it, if ſhe ſhowes thee
Her hand; forbeare to read it euery day,
When ſhe calls come, when ſhe commãds thee ſtay
This euen the married to lead peacefull liues,
Art oft enforc'd to endure of their faire wiues.
I am not perfect I muſt needs confeſſe,
In this my art, though I this art profeſſe,
What ſhall I then my word I cannot keepe,
I haue no power to ſwim a ſea ſo deepe,
Shall any kiſſe my Lady I being by:
And to his throat ſhall I not madly fly.
Shall any becken to her and I beare it,
Shall any court her and I ſtand to heare it
I ſaw one kiſſe my Miſtris I complained,
And anger all my vitall ſpirits conſtrained.
My loue alas with Barbariſme abound,
And doth my wits and ſpirits whole confound:
That Wittoll is much better skild then I,
Who ſees ſuch ſights and patiently ſtands by.
To keepe the room where ſuch things are in place
Deſpoiles the front of ſhamefaſtneſſe and grace:
Then oh you young men though you come to vie
Your loors beguile you, do not think it true
Againſt all cenſures I euer hold this plea,
It is not good to take them *Res* in *Re*.
Where two are taken napping both alike,
Their mutuall guilt makes them the oftner ſtrike.
This tale through heauen is blazd how vnwars
Venus and *Mars* was taken in *Vulcan*, ſnares
The God of war doth in his brow diſcouer,
The perfect and true patterne of a Louer.
Nor could the Goddeſſe *Venus* be ſo cruell,
To deny *Mars*, ſoit kindeſſe is a iewell.

Surpriſe her not.

The tale of Venus and Mars.

n any woman, and become her well,
n this the Queen of Loue doth most excell.
Oh God) how often haue they mockt and flouted,
The smiths polt foot, which nothing thé misdoub-
Made iests by him and by his begrimed trade, (ted:
And his smudg'd visage black with coledust made.
Mars tickled with loud laughter when he saw,
Venus like *Vulcan* limpe, and halt, and drew,
One foot behinde another with a grace,
To counterfeit his odde and vneuen pace.
Their meeting first they did conceale with feare,
From euery searching eye and captiues eare.
The God of war and his lasciuious Dame.
In publicke view were full of bashfull shame.
But the Sunne spies how this sweet paire agree,
Oh that bright *Phœbus* can be hid from thee.
The Sunne both sees and blabs the sight forthwith
And in all past he speeds to tell the Smith.
Oh Sunne what bad example dost thou show,
What thou in secret seest must all men know.
For silence ask a brib from her faire treasure, (sure
He'l grant thee that shal make thee swel with plea-
The god whose face is smudgd with smok and fire,
Placeth about the bed a net of wire.
So quietly made that it deceiues the eye,
Fait as he faines to *Lemnos* he must hie:
The louers meet where he the traine hath set,
And both lay cacht within the wiery net.
He calls the Gods, the louers naked spraule
And cannot rise, the Queene of Loue shewes all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weepes, neither can flinch
Trappled they lye, in vain they kicke and winch:
Their legs are one within anothers ty'd,
Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide.

Among theſe high ſpectators once by chance,
That ſaw them naked in this pitfall dance:
Thus to himſelfe ſaid, if that it tedious be,
Good God of warre beſtow thy place on me.
Scarce at thy prayers god *Neptune* he vnbound thé
But would haue left thé as the gods ther found thé
The nets vntide, *Mars* ſtrait repaires to *Crete*,
Venus to *Paptes*, after that they meet.
What did this help thee *Vulcan*, ſhall I tell thee,
Vnto more griefe and rage it will compell thee:
The publicke meeting which at firſt ſhame couers
Is now made free; who knowes not they be louers.
There is no hope they ſhould be now reclam'd,
Worſe then they haue been, how ſhould they be
Of thy raſh deed it often doth repent thee, (tham'd
Mad art thou in thy mind, yet muſt content thee.
This I forbid you ſo doth *Venus* too,
It harm'd her, and ſhe forwarnes it you.
Lay for thy riuall then no ſecret ſnares,
Nor intercept his tokens vnawares:
Let thoſe cloſe prancks by ſuch iuſt men be tride,
That are by fire and water purifide.
Behold once more I giue you all to know,
Saue wanton loues my art doth nothing ſhow:
No gouern'd Matron well and chaſtly guided,
I here proteſt is in my verſe derided.
What prophane man at *Ceres* kites dare ſmile,
Or blab her ſecrets kept in *Samos* Ile.
Silence is held a vertue, ſilence then,
Tels taile and blabs, fie, *Venus* hates ſuch men:
For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in hell,
And there muſt euer and for euer dwell.
Hungry, whilſt ripened fruit hangs by his lip,
Thirſty, whilſt water by his chin doth ſlip:

But *Venus* more desires then any other,
Her secret misteries and rights to smother.
I charge you let no tell-tales hither come.
Such amongst manie there must needs be some:
Hide her reports from euerie eare that lists,
And locke her secrets vp in brazen chests.
In their new birth till pleasures buried lie,
Twixt vs they grow, betwixt vs let them die.
Her naked parts, if she to any showes,
Her readiest hand to shadow them she throwes,
The shameless beasts in common field do stray,
And act their generation at noone day.
Which Maides by chance espying, cry oh spight,
And through their fingers looke to see the sight.
But when our Louer with his mistris meets,
Haue beds & doores shut twixt them and the streets
With clothes & vailes their nakednes they shroud
Wishing the bright Sunne hid behind some cloud.
Euen in those daies when men on Acorns fed,
And the greene turfe was made the generall bed:
When no thatcht cottage or poore house was builded.
By which from heate of cold they might be shielded.
Into the woods and caues the people went:
And their sweet pleasures there remotely spent.
In the Sunnes presence they shew'd nothing bare.
The rudest and most barbarous had his care.
As loath the day should view their publick shames,
Now to their nightly actions they giue names,
Bargaines and price is made in all their doings,
And nothings costs vs dearer then our woings.
Let not thy talke be when thou com'st in place,
To say she, this, or that wench did me grace: *Noath.*

Or

Or point then with thy finger, it may fall
Thus thou maist loose her whom thou loues't & all,
Others there be from street to street do wander,
And innocent women in their shops do slander.
Forging of them they know not many a lye,
Which were they true the gladly would deny:
For who command not they their spoile is such,
Whose breast they cannot fold their name the tuch
Go then thou odious Pander that keeps whores,
A thousand locks hang fast vpon thy doores:
Part of her honest canst thou keepe within,
When her whole name abroad is full of sinne;
Do not their wanton wishes make them nought,
When they desire to be as they are thought:
Sincerest Loues we sparingly do teach,
Yet like no publicke craft their names impeach,
Dissemble every fault in their complections,
Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections.
I wish you rather smother them, then blame them,
They loue if you praise them, hate if shame them:
Andromeda was belly sides and backe.
To *Perseus* seen, he did not tearme her blacke.
Andromeda she was of tow're a stature,
One louing *Hester* prais'd her gifts of nature:
And lik'd her selfe, at the first despised.
Seem not to grosse when men be well aduised.
Continuance and acquaintance wears away.
Such spots as are apparant the first day:
A young plant lodged in a tender rinde.
Cannot withstand the fury of the winde,
But when his bark is growne, he scorns each blast,
In spight of whom he grows and bears at last:
Euery succeeding week and following day,
Takes from acquainted lookes a staine away.

Necessary obseruations in a louer.

And what to day a groſse blot thou wouldſt gueſſe
To morrow in thy eye appeares much leſſe.
Young Heifers cannot be tickt to beare,
The ranke and luſtie Bull for the firſt yeare:
But their ſociety acquaints the ſmell,
After continuance they can brooke it well.
Then fauour their diſgraces and relieue them,
Blemiſhes helpe by the good names you giue them
To her whoſe ſkin is blake as *Ebon* was,
I haue ſaid ere now, Oh 'tis a good browne laſſe.
Or if ſhe look a ſquint, as I am true,
So *Venus* looks if ſhe be black of hew,
Pale for the world like *Pallas* be ſhe growne:
Yellow by heauens *Minerua* vp and downe:
If ſhe be tall then for her height commend her,
She that is leane like Enuie terme her ſlender:
She that is dwarfiſh name her light and quick,
And call her well ſet grubbed thick,
She that is puft like *Boreus* in the cheek,
Is but full fac'd, and *Daphne* ſhe is like:
Thus qualifie their faults, not to diſgrace them,
But in a higher rank of beautie place them:
Or hapneſt thou of but one dimme of ſight,
Wrinckled her brow, her griſled haire turnd white
Her noſe and chin haſte meet ſhe would take ſcorn
To tell who Counſell was when ſhe was borne.
Then if to ſuch thy loue thou wilt engage,
Looke that at no time thou doſt aske her age.
Though ſhe wants teeth and haue a flattering tong
Yet ſhe takes paines to be counted young,
This is the age young men that brings the gaine:
And plenteous harveſt of the ſpringtides paine,
Employ your ſelues then in your youth & ſtrength,
Age with a ſoft ſpare ſtales on you at length.

Spend

Spend thou the youth at Sea or till the land,
Or take a warlicke weapon in thy hand:
Follow the wars, siege townes, or lye in trenches,
Or if not so, then learn to loue faire wenches.
It is a warfare too, when men are trained,
And euen by this employment wealth is gained:
Such discipline, such practise must be vsed
By vs, as those who hostile armes haue chused.
Some women by their industry and paines,
The losse of yeares recouers and regaines:
Times speedy course is by their art controld,
They can preferre themselues from seeming old,
Their amorous pastimes and lasciuious playes,
They shape and fashion many thousand wayes:
With sundry pleasures they their trade commixe,
And euery seuerall day deuise new tricks
They can prouoke the appetite and please it,
Coniure the spirit vp and straite appease it:
But these rich feasts of sweets which they prepare,
Women and men should both of euen hands share.
I hate the bed that yeelds not mutuall ioyes,
And thats the cause I loue not iugling boyes:
I hate her denies that no spirit will vse,
Yeelding no more then what she cannot chuse.
I like not pleasure, though I like the beautie,
Lasses of Loue performe not but of duty:
Duty away, I banish thee the place,
Where mutuall Louers mutuall sweets embrace,
Let me the musicke of her soft voice heare,
Whispering her rauisht pleasures in my eare,
To bid me on, then pause, proceed, then stay,
And tired with that, to try some other way,
Let me behold her eyes turne vp the whites,
Now to be rapt, now languish in delights.

These

Theſe prodigall pleaſures nature hath not giuen,
To the firſt age a little aboue ſeauen.
The wine that from the vnripe grape is preſt,
Is tart, and ſower, the mellow wine taſts beſt:
The palme tree till it hath a well growne rinde,
Cannot withſtand the violence of the winde.
The mead new mowne doth pricke the feet that's bare
I grant thee young *Hermione* was faire:
But to preferre the girle before the mother,
The beautious *Hellen* neither one nor other
Can ſo blaſpheme, heres *Gorge* ſome adore her:
But who praiſe her before the Saint that bore her
Now I ſuppoſe ripe fruites I moſt approue,
And in my thoughts I couer mellowed loue.
Yon bed new toſt, behold where it diſcouers,
The curtaines being drawne to wanton louers:
There ſtay my muſe, no further now proceed,
Without thy help they both can ſpeak and ſpeed.
Without thy help kind words will quickly paſſe,
Betwixt the Louer and his amorous Laſſe:
Without thy help their hands will nimble creep,
And in each tickliſh place their office keep.
Nay euery finger will it ſelfe imploy.
To adde increaſe to thy imperfect ioy:
Handling thoſe parts where loue his darts doth hide,
This valaiant *Hector* with his wife hath tride:
Andromache to this of force muſt yeeld,
His vallour was not onely for the field:
This ſtout *Achilles* of his loue deſired,
When with the ſlaughter of his enemies tired.
He daught his cuſhes and vnarm'd his head:
To tumble with her on a downe ſoft bed;
Thou didſt reioyce *Briſeis* to embrace,
His bruiſed corpes, and kiſſe his blood ſtaind face.

Theſe

These warlicke hand that did but late embrew,
Themselues in bloud of *Troians* whom they slew
Were now imploy'd to tickle touch and feele,
And shake a lance that hath no point of steele:
Beleeue me for I speak as I haue tasted,
The sports of *Venus* are not to be hasted.
They should be rather by degrees prolonged:
By too much speed much oft the sport is wronged
When thou by chance hast hit vpon the place,
Which being toucht a girle still hides her face:
For beare not though she blush & spring & kicke,
And tumbling shew thee many a gamble tricke.
Thou shalt behold her straitely still amazed.
Her eyes with a lascivious tincture glazed
Affording a strange kinde of humide light,
As when the Moone in water shines by night.
Let neither amorous words cease their inchanting
Murmure nor whispering sounds of ioyes wanting
Yea their let euery sweet content resort,
Euery word, deed and thought that furthers sport
Let not thy Mistris vse to swift a saile,
Nor let thy hast beyond her speed preuaile:
Both keep one course, your oares together strike
Your iourneys on then, make your pace alike.
Together striue at once win to the marke,
You may no question grope it in the dark
Then is the fulnesse of all sweet content,
When both at once striue both at once are spent
Such course obserue when as the time is free:
And that no iealous eyes attend on thee:
Being secure no future danger neare
Then thou maist boldly dally without feare
But if thou beest not safe, and hast short leasure,
Doubtfull to be disturbd amidst thy pleasure,

Mak

Make then what speed thou canst, vse all thy force
And clap a sharpe spurre to a iade pack horse:
My worke is at an end the palme bring me,
And let the Mirtle garland be my fee
How much renowned great *Follidorus* was,
That all the *Greeks* in Phisick did surpasse,
As famous as great *Nestor* for his age,
Or strong *Achilles* for his warlike rage.
As much extold as *Calchas* for his charmes,
Or *Telemonius Aiax* by his armes:
As for his Chariot skill *Antomedon*,
So great in Loue shall I be censur'd on.
Cannonize me your Poet, giue me praise,
And crowne my Temples with fresh wreathes of bayes:
Let this my laud in euery mouth be song,
And my fame clanger though the whol earth rong
I giue you armour, such god *Vulcan* framed,
So great *Achilles* he his enemies tamed.
And so do ye, but what soere he be,
That by my armes subdues his enemy:
This Motto let him giue, lo her's a Lasse
By *Ouid* my *artis Master* conquered was:
Behold young *Wenches* likewise crave my skill
They shall be next instructed by my quill.

FINIS.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE.

ARm'd at all points, the *Greeke* to field is gone
To encounter with the naked *Amazon*:
Behold like weapons in my power remain.
For the *Penthiſilea* and thy traine.
Go arm'd alike, fight and they ouercome,
Whom ſacred *Venus* fauours and her ſonne:
It were not meet poore naked girles ſhould ſtand
To encounter men prouided hand to hand.
To conquer at ſuch odds 'twere ſhame for men,
Oh but ſome ſay, why *Ouid* ſhould they pen:
Put poyſon into ſnakes, or giue to keepe,
Vnto the rauenous Woolfe a fould of ſheep,
Oh for ſome few offenders do not blame,
All of their Sexe, let not a generall ſhame:
For ſome few falters their whole brood inherit,
But euery one be centurd as they merit.
Although the two *Atrides* hath their liues,
Endangered both by falſhood of their wiues:
Though falſe *Eriphile* her husband ſould,
To *Polinyces* for a chaine of gould:
Yet did the faire *Penelope* liue chaſt,
While twice fiue yeares her royall Lord did waſt:

n bloudie battels and as many more,
Wandring through euery sea and vnknowne shore
So did the chast *Phillacides* and she,
That partner of her husbands griefe to be,
Went with him as his page a tedious way;
And in the trauell died before her day:
Oh happy *Pheretides* thy wife,
From death redeemed thee with her owne life.
Receiue me oh you flames did *Iphias* cry,
And with my buried husband let me die,
And with that word she skips into the fire,
ll faire endowments that we can desire.
Raigne in a womans breast no marueile then,
ney with adorned vertues please vs men:
ut these chast minde, my art inioyneth not,
softer saile will serue to guide my boate:
Nothing but wanton loue flowes from my braines.
low pretty wenches may scape men traines
woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
ut through them both: vnto her sweet heart rush;
o will not men, poore girles by them are scost,
many times men faile, maides sometimes, not oft:
alse *Iason* left *Medea* and her charmes:
o claspe another Mistris in his armes.
s much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay.
o right *Ariadne* was a wofull pray:
o the Sea foules and Monsters left alone,
a remote place friendlesse and vnknowne.
any vncertaine waies hath *Phillis* gone,
eing forsaken of her *Demophoon*.
nd though *Æneas* had no firname good,
e left his sword to let out *Didos* bloud:
ut what destroy you Ladies can you tell,
u know not how to loue or fashion well,

Your thoughts] to art, Loue artles ſtands vnſure,
Art with ſoue tempered is ſtrong to endure:
Nor ſhould you know it now, but that the Queene
Of ſacred Loue was in my viſion ſeene:
And ſtraitly charg'd me that I ſhould impart.
To all the Sex the ſecret of my art.
For thus ſhe ſpake how haue poore maides miſdone
That againſt armed men muſt naked run.
Two books haue giuen men weapons in their hands
The whileſt our feareſull Sex vnarmed ſtands:
He that rebuk'd *Therapnes* lewd deſire,
Since ſong her praiſes to a ſweeter lire:
Thy ſelfe examine, canſt thou do them domage,
To whom in time thou maiſt perform due homage
This hauing ſaid ſhe tooke from off her brow,
A mirtle wreath, for in a mirtle bow,
Her haire was twiſted vp and gaue to me,
Of leaues and ſeeds a little quantitie.
Strait in my braine I felt a power diuine,
Whilſt in the place a purer aire did ſhine;
And all the cares that hung vpon my heart,
Euen at that inſtant I might feele depart.
My wits at ripeſt, are wenches come thicke,
Receiue my precepts whilſt my wits are quicke:
Firſt thinke how old age hourely doth attend:
To ſteale vpon thee ſo be ſure to ſpend.
Women loſe no time.
No ſeaſon idly, thou art young then play,
Yeares like the runing waters glide away
Thou canſt not ſtay the flouds it ſtreames ſo faſt,
Nor pull the houres backe when they are paſt;
Make vſe of time for time is ſwift and fleet,
Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet:
As the firſt pleaſure was, haue I not ſeene,
This now a withered ſtalke once freſh and green

Fro

rom that bare throwne within these many howers
had a chaplet of sweet smelling flowers:
he time shall come when thou that dost exclude,
uch louers from thy doores as would intrude.
hall on an empty pillow through thy head,
retching thy stiffe limmes on a frostie bed:
or in the night shalt thou be raisd vp late
y such as knock and thunder at the gate.
or in the morning when the cocke hath crowed,
ind porch and threshod. with fresh roses strowed:
ime how soone doth the cleare coulour fade,
low quickly wrincles in thy skin are made.
ooke on thy looke and thou wilt sadly sweare,
ge hath too soone snowed on thy golden haire:
nakes through their age of when they chang their
skinne,
arts when they cast their heads fresh strength
begin:
nd's giuen to them, when that in age ye grow
haue no heads to cast no skins to throw,
our good flies helples, therefore pluck the flower
hich being gathered withers in an hower:
many childe birth age is quickly crept,
elds soonegrow leane, that so oftenreapt.
u see *Endimion* by the Moone lou'd still,
r doth she blush thereat and by thy will:
rora thou would euer haue the name,
Cephalus thy deare, nor thinkst it shame.
nd to conceale thee *Adonore* whose hearse
nus her selfe hung many a tragicke verse,
ll vs by whom you Queen-borne of the sea.
d you *Æneas* and *Hermione*.
mortall generation follow these.
d practise after them being goddesses:

Do not deny your rauiſhing pleaſures when,
They are beſought you by deſirous men.
Tell me what looſe you by it, what thou haſt,
Thou art poſſeſt of ſtill, and feelſt no waſt:
Take thence a thouſand ſweets be not affraid,
Thou keepeſt thy owne, and nothing is decai'd.
Stones are by vſe made ſoft, iron worne to droſſe,
That neuer weares and therfore findes no loſſe:
Who will deny vs at a torch being light,
To light a taper till it burne as bright.
Or who would ſtriue in their owne power to keepe,
All the ſpare billowes in the vaſtie deepe:
Yet will a woman pleade her loue is rare,
And in her plenty ſhe hath nought to ſpare.
Oh tell me why ſo ſtrange a doubt thou mak'ſt,
Doſt thou but looſe the water that thou takeſt:
I ſpeake not this to proſtrate every one,
But leſt you feare vaine loſſe where loſſe is none.
Now greater guſts my ſwelling ſaile muſt ſtraine,
Being from the ſhoare new lancht into the maine.
Neatneſſe required in a woman.
Firſt with their neatnes I begin, the vine
Well trim'd and prunde affords vs choyſe of wine
And in a field well till'd the corne growes tall,
Shape is the gift of God, none amongſt you all,
But in there ſhapes take pride, nay there be many
Proud of their fauour when they ſcarce haue any.
Proportion euen the greateſt number want,
But rare ſupplies where nature hath been ſcant:
Care makes the face, the face a while neglected
Will grow to ruine, and be nought reſpected,
The Virgins of the old time had this care,
Their bodies and their beauties to repaire:
Elſe had the men of former ages ſpent,
Their yeares without their wonted ornament.

If you behold *Andromache* go clad,
In manly robes, no manuaile, for she had
A souldier to her husband, if you see
The wife of *Aiax* iet it valiantly,
Nor marvaile, for she was his wife that bare,
A shield of seauen oxe-heads thick tan'd with haire.
The world was plaine, simple, and rude of old,
But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with gold:
And shines in glory with the bright reflection,
All the worlds wealth is vnder their subiection:
Behold the Capitall and thou wilt say,
In these great *Ione* hath choos'd to dwell for aye:
This gorgeous Court & Counsel house was framed
Out of meere stubble when king *Latius* raigned.
These gorgeous Pallaces that against the Sunne,
Did glitter and shine when they first begun:
A pasture for draught oxen: let them ease, (please
Their thoughts with ancient times whom old times
I thanke the gods I in this age was borne,
These times my humour fits, old dayes I scorne.
Not because gold in the earths vaines are sought,
Or shels, or stones, fró forraigne shores are brought
Not because marble from the hills is dig'd,
Or voyage ships to vnknowne seas are rigd.
But because rudnesse to the gates is sent,
And this our age is full of ornament,
Hang in your eares bright stones, but not to deare
Such *Indues* cast vp and are sold you here:
Neatnesse we loue, your haire in order tie,
To keepe in within Law thy hands apply:
Thy hands mishape keepe still, and by her care,
Thou maist ore seeme, deformed or woundrous faire
Nor is there onely one kind of attire,
That fashion that becomes thee best desire,

Proue euery ſhape, but ere it current paſſe,
See thou before take counſell from thy Laſſe.
A long and leane viſage beſt allowes,
To haue the haire part iuſt aboue the browes:
So *Laodemeia* ſirnamed the faire,
Vſed when ſhe walk'd abroad to truſſe her haire.
A round plumpe face muſt haue her trammels tied
In a faſt knot aboue her front to hide:
The wier ſupporting it whilſt either eare:
Bare, and in ſight vpon each ſide appeare.
Yon Ladies locks about her ſhoulders fall,
And her looſe ware becomes her beſt of all:
So *Phœbus* look't when laſt he toucht his Lute,
That other Lady doth her habit ſuite,
With chaſt *Diana* being trickt to go,
To ſtrike the ſauage bore or tameleſs Roe.
She when her haire hangs looſe hath greateſt pride
This beſt becomes her when her locks are tyed:
Yon when her head tire is like a tortoiſe ſhell,
Is rooſt and rawled well beſeemes it well:
More leaues the Forreſt yeelds not from the trees,
More beaſts the Alpes breed not, nor *Hibla* bees:
Then there be faſhions of attire in view,
Euery ſucceeding day adds ſomthing new.
Many become their tires beſt when they wear e:
In ſtead of ſprucenes a neglected haire:
And being comb'd but now yet thou ſhalt ſay,
Her haire hath not been toucht ſince yeſterday.
Art doth much change, ſo did *Atcides* ſee,
Iolattired, and ſaid this wench is for me;
So *Ino* is whom the god of grapes commended,
When by his ſhouting *Sa ires* being attended:
He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind ſhifted
With ſcatterred haire her to his coach he lifted.

How

How much oh nature are we bound to thee,
That findes for euery griefe a remedy.
And as our ſhapes and colour ſuffer croſſe,
Yet thou haſt in thee to repaire that loſſe.
Say that by age or ſome great ſicknes had,
Thy head with wonted haire be thinly clad:
Falling away like corne from ripened ſheaues,
As thicke as *Boreas* blowes downe *Autum* leaues.
By *Germane* yearbes thou maiſt thy haire reſtore,
And hide the bare ſcalpe that was bald before,
Women haue knowne this art, and of their crew,
Many falſe colours buy to hide the true.
And multitudes, yea more then can be told,
Walke in ſuch haire as they haue bought for gold:
Haire as good Marchandize and growne a trade,
Markets and publicke trafficke thereof made,
Nor do they bluſh to cheapen it among,
The thickeſt number and the rudeſt throng.
Nay euen before *Alcides* ſacred flames,
And in the preſence of the veſtall Dames:
To leaue their haire, and ſpeake of their attire
I do not trailes or purfled guards deſire.
Nor roabes of bluſh ſcarlet prized hie,
Whoſe wooll is twice dipt in the *Tirian* dye:
Looke but abroad and thou maiſt in a trice,
Find lighter colours and of farre leſſe price.
Were it not madneſſe thou in ſcorne of lacke,
Should wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back
Behold the colour of the azure aire,
When in a cloudles day the skie is faire:
And the South wind bring on the earth no ſhowers
As once it did what time one flow deuoures.
Phrixus and *Helles*, ſuch a colour chuſe,
Tis neat, and cheape, but coſtly dyes refuſe:

To helpe the defects of nature.

That prettie colour intimates the waues,
And from their ſea greene drops a name it craues
In this the young *Nymphes* went apparrl'd moſt,
This ſaffron immita es of no great coſt,
And yet ſhe goes attired in ſaffron weeds,
That euery morning decks faire *Phœbus* ſteeds
Elſe ſuch a dye as *Paphian mirtles* ye eld,
Or purple *Amethiſtos* or a field:
Where nothing ſaue the milkewhite roſes grew,
Or of that hew the *Thratian Cranes* do ſhow
Let not faire *Amarilles* wanting be,
Thy ackhornes or thy bloomes of *Almond* tree,
All theſe of ſeuerall colours iuice be full.
And with the ſeuerall colours ſtaine the wooll:
So many ſundry flowers as the freſh ſpring,
In ſpight of winters horrid rage doth bring.
To decke the earth with ſu" ſo many hues.
The thirſtie earth doth drink and none refuſe.
To ſuite their attire to their cõpletions,
Mongſt which faire women out of your affections,
Chooſe them that ſhall become beſt your comple-
She that is browne let her attire be white, (ctions:
Briſeus ware a Robe of colour light.
When ſhe was rauiſht others that are faire,
Let their attires be black as *Sables* are,
Swarthie *Andromed* ware a milk white ſmocke,
When ſhe was tied halfe naked the rocke.
Leſt you be ſeene ſo let no ranknes grow,
Betwixt you armes and ſhoulders let none ſhow.
Of rough and ragged hairs there may appeare,
Vpon your legs and thighs but not to neare:
I do not teach young maids by *Caucaſe* bred:
Or ſuch as drink of *Riſus* but in ſted
Of barbarous vuls to you braue girles of *Rome*,
Do I direct my phraſe, and to your dome.

I now inſtruct you then your teeth to fret,
Leſt in their vſe ſome furdnes they do get:
To wrince your mouthes in water you haue wit, *To keepe their teeth.*
To apprehend my words betimes to ſit.
And in the morning take away the ſl me,
Which makes the white teeth ſubiect to ſuch crime
Let ſuch whoſe blouds are blacke and ſwart,
Whom nature reds not, make them red by art:
Art likewiſe fills the wrinkles in the browes, *Cheekes.*
A skinne of died red leather art allowes,
To rub your faces with, nor hold it ſhame,
To kindle in your eyes a ſparke of flame,
It may be done with ſaffron, which like corne,
Grows near bright *Cyduas* wheras thou wert borne
I haue a little booke in ſubſtance ſmall,
And yet a worke of weight writ to you all.
The Treatiſe is vnto your generall graces,
How you by art may beſt preſerue your faces:
You whoſe rare beauties haue receiu'd a ſcar,
Seeke thence your helps, receipts there written are
You may there find how to reſtore your blouds.
My art was neuer idle to your goods.
Beware leſt that by chance your boxes lye
Vpon the table, and your Loues paſſe by:
Throw them aſide, art ſpreads her faireſt net,
When ſhe is with moſt cunning counterfet.
Spill not thy drugs alike in euery place,
They will offend ſuch as behold thy face,
Corrupting the beholder with ſuch motion,
As ſhould he ſee thy garments ſtand with lotion,
How doth the greaſie ſtranck woolls ſmell offend,
Though we for it as far as *Athens* ſend,
Yet is it good for vſe, not before men,
Vſe thou Deares marrow good for medicen:

Nor

Nor before men in preſence rub thy teeth,
They both are good, yet harſh to him that ſeeth,
Many things which in doing we deteſt,
Being once done they oft times pleaſe vs beſt:
Theſe ſtately pillars in iron caru'd and wrought,
Were a confuſed rocke, this ring now brought,
To that good forme, was once vnfaſhioned ore,
The coſtly cloth thou weareſt a rough ſheepe bore
The curious picter of faire *Venus* was,
Before the cutting an vnpoliſht maſſe.
Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee ſleeping
Thy hand, thy boxe, thy glaſſe their office keeping:
Why ſhould I know how thou art growne ſo faire,
Shut faſt the forge where beauties ioyned are.
For many things there be men ſhould not know,
The greateſt part of them if you ſhould ſhow.
They ſhould offend them much ſpare not to ſhroud
The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
The golden enſignes yender ſpreading fare,
Which waſts them to the gorgeous Theater:
See what thin leaues of gold foile guilde the wood,
Making the columes ſeeme all maſſie good:
Yet are the audience of all ſight debarred,
Untill the ſhowes and fights be full prepared:
Note. So in thy preparation marke this note,
Still make thee ready in a place remote:
Obſerue this woman. Yet ſometimes if they head be wondrous faire,
Euen before men tis good to combe thy haire.
The haire a beauty hath which much beſots,
Being tyed and wreathed in pleats & comely knots
But be not tedious in thy art applying,
Be quick both in the faſting and vntying:
Still when thou goeſt to dreſſe thy ſelfe be ſafe,
I hate thoſe ſullen pettiſh things that chafe

t euery idle croſse, who ſcrath and bite,
nd with their nailes and bodkins pinch and fight:
ounding themſelues in anger, rending, tearing,
he wires, the tires, the ruffes which they be wea-
ne that is badly haired, let her before (ring,
he dreſse her ſelfe, ſet watch ſtill at the doore,
pon the ſuddaine 'twas my chance one day,
o preſse into the place where my ſweet hart lay:
hen wondring ſhe vnwares was thruſt vpon,
natch vp her haire, and put the wrong ſide on.
ike cauſe of ſhame let come vnto my foe,
nd ſuch diſgrace vnto the *Parthians* go?
ſcalded breaſt, fields that no graſse will beare,
rees without leaues, and heads that haue no haire
re odious to the eye none of you three,
ropa, *Leda*, or faire *Semele*.
ere ſubiect to his want or me did need,
he helpe of Phyſicke in this point to reed:
or *Hellen* thou whom with aduiſement deepe:
enelaus askes; the *Troiane* ſtill doth keepe:
he wanton wenches in full troopes paſse hither,
ood, bad, faire, foule, of all ſorts flocke together:
nd come to be inſtructed amongſt which
ſt times the faire be poore the foule be rich.
nd yet the faireſt haue of me leſt need,
heirs beuatie is a dower that doth exceed
y precepts farre, the ſea being calme and cleare,
he ſecure Seaman all his ſailes may beare.
ut when it ſwells and is diſturb'd apart,
he troubled Pilot muſt try all his art,
f euery little mole be thou not ſqueamiſh,
is hard to finde a face that hath no blemiſh.
et ſhalt thou ſeeke to hide the leaſt diſgrace,
ither in the proportion or thy face.

If

A lesson for Dwarfes.

If thou beest short thy stature hide by wit,
Still sit, lest standing thou beest tooke to sit.
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed:
Lest that thy stature there be measured:
Loue Dwarfes, obserue my words I hold it meet,
To haue some garment throwne vpon thy feet:

Remedy for them that be leane.

She that is weariſh and no clothes can fill,
Her double plated gowne muſt ſit by ſkill.
To make her portly whileſt a robe vnbound,
From her two ſhoulders falls vnto the ground,

Pale.

She that is pale, with purple ſtaine her cheekes

Blacke.

She that is blacke the fiſh of *Pharoes* ſeekes.

Splay foote.

A ſplay miſhapen foote in white ſhoes hide
And let dryed legs were a rich garter tide:
Let ſuch whoſe ſhoulder blades ſtand much in ſigh
Weare boulſter'd gownes to make them ſeeme v
To ſlender. About a faint and ſlender body weare. (righ
A flannell ſwathband or warme ſtomacher,

Scabbed hands.

Such whoſe fat hands are itchy in the ioynt,

Stinking breathes.

Whē they diſcourſe let them not vſe to point, (ſtin
You that haue ſtinking breathes muſt not ſpeak f
But helpe themſelues by ſome good breakfaſt taki
Elſe chew a cloue the ſtrength of it to breake,
Or keepe ſo ne diſtance of ſtill when you ſpeake:

Rad toothed.

Or if thy teeth in wide vneuen ranks grow,
Or be they gag'd, black or too great in ſhow:
Rot, loſt, or that the fāhion diſagreeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing ſhewes the teeth:
Who would beleeue this, wonder yet 'tis true,
Maides may be taught to laugh and to eſchew
Vncomely mouthes and harſh tricks of the face,
In laughing is much vncomelines and grace:
Be moderate in thy ſmearing, there's a feate,
To be obſeru'd in that make not to greate.

T

The hallow pits mirth digs in euery cheeke,
To hide thy gummes let both thy red lips meete.
Nor do thou ſtretch thy entrailes by conſtraining,
Thy ſelfe vnto loud laughter neither faining:
A more familiar geſture with voice flat,
Sound out a womaniſh noiſe I know not what.
Looke but on them that with loud yalling force,
Antickе and peruerſe faces what ſhewes worſe:
And there is ſuch a coile with wry mouthes kept,
That whē they laugh, a man would ſwear they wept
Many with vntun'd clamor hoarce and ſhrill,
Ball as the ſlow Aſſe bayes out of the mill,
What cannot art? women are taught to weepe, *How to weepe.*
And in their lookes a ſober forme to keepe:
To ſhape their eies according to their paſſion,
Both at what time they pleaſe, and in what faſhion
Is there not grace in liſping to be found, *How to liſpe.*
To giue true words a forged imperfect ſound:
Robbing the tongue his office in ſome part
Euen in deprauing words is ſometimes art.
Many that by my words my meaning ſcan,
Are taught to ſpeake leſſe perfect then they can.
Weigh theſe my words according to their worth,
And theſe being cond take other leſſons forth:
Learne how with womaniſh pace to vſe your gate, *To go.*
In euery ſtep there is a kinde of ſtate
Nor is their ought that yet my art diſcouers,
Which with more violence drawes or driues backe
Behold you Ladies gate the reſt out ſtrips, (louers
See with what cunning ſhe doth moue her hips:
And in the pride of ſteps how the cold wind.
Swels her looſe vailes before her and behind.
This like the bluſhing wife of *Vember* paceth,
Her full viewed legs at euery ſtride ſhe graceth.

Long

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
Others a moderate pace doth best become:
How farre to appeare bare. As far as where the armes and shoulders parts,
Appeare thou bare to wound the amourous harts,
Of wanton youthes, this fashion vnderstand,
Longs to the faire, not such whose skins be tand.
Such sights ere now haue made me I protest,
To kisse her necke, her shoulders and her breast,
The *Sirens* are Sea-monsters, whose sweet notes
Draws to their tunes the wandring ships and botes:
And if their eares with wax they do not stop,
Sing. They are charm'd to leape vp from the hatches top.
Song is a faire endowment, a sweet thing,
A praisefull gift then woman learn to sing,
Hard fauord girles by songs haue wonne such graces.
Their sweet shrill tongs haue prou'd bands to their faces.
Somtimes rehearse a speech brought from the play
Or else peruse some poeme in thy way.
Of Musicke I would haue thee know the skill,
With thy right hand to vse a *Rebecks* quill.
Or with thy left a harpe when *Orpheus* plaid,
The beasts, & trees, and stones to dance he made:
And in his way to hell no fiend durst stirre,
Nor tartar power, nor trip ple headed Curre.
Thou that so iustly do thy mother punish,
Didst by thy Musicke skill the world astonish:
In those sweet walkes that were by Musicke rear'd,
By euery such sweet harmony is heard:
The armed *Dolphin* is by nature mute,
Yet did he lift *Arion* to thy Lute.
Learne Musicke then and hope to play vpon,
The double handed sweet *Psaltirion*.

Reade

eade Poetrie the workes of *Cous* seeke,
r great *Callimacchus*, that writ in Greeke:
he laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,
ead what lasciuious *Sapho* else both writ.
or what more wanton workes then *Sapho* liues,
ee what delight to the *Propertuis* giues:
r if thy further leasure serue thee looke,
Gallus workes, or in *Tibullus* booke.
r *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece,
he Legend writ, and of the golden fleece:
t read *Æneas* banishment from *Troy*,
h'originall of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enioy:
o bookes more famous, haply to my grace,
me one may say thou *Ouid* hast a place.
mongst the rest thou and thy lines may sound,
o aftertimes, not be in *Sethe* drown'd.
me one may say perchance our Master read,
he booke he last drew with a double head
r those three bookes which he *Amorum* calls,
ctituling them of loue which of them falls,
to thy handling first that do thou choose,
nd louingly my louing lines peruse,
r with a composd voice my *Cantons* sing:
he vse of these Loues mistris first did bring:
o other yet vnknowne oh *Phœbus* graunt,
raunt this you gods whom sacred Poets haunt.
ith their oblations, grant these powers deuine,
hou god of grapes, and you oh Muses nine:
ho doubts but I would haue you learne to dance
easure and Galliards shall your name aduance,
ommand your armes and hands that they agree,
nto the motion of the foote and knee.
mouing of the body hand and side,
he commicke Actor cannot take more pride.

Not

Nor vſe more art the comlineſſe of either,
Concurres, and I compare them both together
Learne triuall ſports, but oh your Poet ſhames,
To bid you be experienc'd in ſome games.
To game. Yet long they to my art then be not nice,
To learne to play at cockall or at dice:
How to caſt lots and chances which to gueſſe,
To play at draughts at tables or at cheſſe
To vſe a racket or to toſſe a ball,
At ſet game, or at that we bandy call:
To paſſe the night at balliards till eleauen,
At pickapandie, cards, or odd or euen.
Play prepares loue, your skill is not ſo needfull,
As ought ſo be your lookes and carriage heedfull,
Your greateſt cunning is with art to frame,
The geſture and the countenance in your game:
Game makes vs earneſt if we play with care,
Then with our open thoughts our breaſts lie bare
And ſtraite we brawle and ſcold a grieuous ſtaine,
Oh theſe be monſtrous faults to chide and raile,
Or to blaſpheme the Gods when our lucke faile:
To vow to ſweare, with proteſtations deepe
And in the heate of play to fret or weepe.
Great *Ioue* himſelfe from you ſuch crimes expell.
Who couet ſuitors and to pleaſe them well.
Natures theſe triuall ſports to woman lends
A freer ſcope of paſtimes ſhe extends.
By much vnto vs men, for ſo we may
Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the football play
Vault, ride, and teach the horſe to trot the ring,
Frequent the Fenceſchoole, practiſe armes, leap
Nor can you march or muſter on the ſea, (ſprin
Or like the Merchant venturer go to ſea:

Walke may you sometimes vnder *Pompeys* shade,
Or *Phœbus* pallace to the place was made:
Or nouall triumph to the *Memphian* sawne
Or the goatfield where chariots are still drawne.
Or the warme bleeding alter, some preferre,
Before all these the three braue *Theaters*:
Thus couet to be seen, vnseen, vnproud,
What is not viewed and knowne, cannot be lou'd,
What profit were it to haue beautious beene
Thy admired face were neuer seen:
May you more stilde in shapes then *Orpheus* were,
Or *Thamiras*, such if men cannot heare.
How should your musicke please; *Apelles* painted,
Venus in *Cois* else her fame had fainted,
And died in *Lethe*, he redeem'd her name,
What hunt the sacred Poets for but fame.
Onely for fame their labouring spirits they send,
Of all the vowes, fame is the scope and end.
But see what alterations rude times brings,
Poets of old were the right hand of Kings.
Large were their gifts, supreame was their regard,
Their meeted fames with fear and reuerence heard
Honour and state: and sacred maiesty,
Belong'd to such as studied poetry:
Ennius by *Scipio* that great man was sought,
And from the mountaines of *Calabria* brought.
Unhonoured now the Iuy garland lyes:
The ancient worship done to Poets dyes:
Yet we should striue our owne fames to awake.
Homer a liuing lasting worke did make:
His *Iliads* call'd, else who had *Homer* knowne,
And *Danae* in her tower an old wife growne,
And neuer vnto publicke view resorted,
How had her beauty being so farre reported

The dignitie of Poets.

You that applause would for your beauties wi
Be oft abroad, and keepe not too mu:h in:
At the full fo'ds the she Wolfe seekes her pray
Though amongst all she steales but one away
Loues bird the Eagle when she soares most hig
To seaze on fowle doth at the Couy fly.
Frequent you faire ones, where men may you se
Mongst many one best part will fancy theer
In euery place where thou shalt hap to sit, (ge
Loose none by frownes whom thou by smiles ma
The bow of *Cupid* neuer stands vnbent,
And oftentimes things fall by accedent.
Be thou prepard, hang alwayes out thy hooke;
For in that stream where thou no fish wouldst loo
A fish by chance may bite, oft haue I seene (beer
The wandring hound range where no game ha
And harts that scaps the chase whē no mā mids th
Fall in the toyles and there the keeper findes ther
What hope hadst thou *Andromeda* being bound,
Vnto a rocke a louer to haue found:
Being prepar'd for death beset with feares,
Blubbed thy cheeks, thy eye quite drownd in tear
At buriall of one husband well I wot,
Another husband hath been oft times got,
Weeping for him thats lost, may hap to grace the
And in the bosome of a second place thee,
But in your choyse especially beware,
Of such effiminate men as starch their haire.
Prank vp themselues vho lispe and cannot leaue
Loue complement and use to smell of Ciuit:
They haue a thousand loues what they protest,
To thee they'll do as vnto all the rest,
Unstaid such b-, and what will women say, (the
When in their thoughts men are more light then

Sca

arce will they credit me, and yet tis true,
y had yet ſtood, and *Ilium* beene in view,
d euery thing beene ſwaid as *Priam* ſpake,
t good aduiſe they leaue, fond counſell take.
here are who vnder ſhew of loue to fame,
nd by ſuch paſſage ſeeke diſhonest gaine:
t no mans haire deceiue with powders ſweete,
or ſtudded girles which are ſhort and meete:
or theſe fine womens coates, a ſightly thing,
or that each finger beares a golden ring.
rhaps who in this kinde moſt gallant goes,
a cloſe theefe, and loues nought but your clothes
n Maids thus roab'd, ſo loud cry for their owne
hat all the towne and country heares their mone
enus whoſe golden shines at *Apian* ſtand,
nd *Pallas* laugh a good theſe ſtrifes in hand:
here are ſome Maides to ſure but of bad fame,
ho oft deceiu'd are thought to vſe the ſame.
h learne by others plaints to heare your owne,
pe not your ears to men whoſe frauds are known
eleeue not *Theſeus Athens* though he ſweare,
he gods can heare no more then they heare.
nd thou *Demoo oon Theſeus* falſhood haire:
hilis deceiued nones truſt by ſpeeches faire,
men makss promiſes then maides make you.
men performe, performe your vowed ioyes too,
Now Ile come nearer, Muſe, take faſter hold.
Nor looſe thy ſeat the wheels though ſwiftly rold:
ſen frame them, ſet maids vowes ſome elſe where
et ſom maids take their courſe, for it were fit. (writ
ook on them, read them, fro the words then gather
Whether he faines or ues intirely rather:
tter ſome while write backe euer delayes:
flaimes a louer; ſo no tedious ſtayes.

Louers diſ-loyalty in many. Seuerall paſſages.

Shew not the plaint, to the youth denie.
Nor yet denie him what by suite he plies
Let him both feare and hope by euerie letter,
Be his feareleſſe, his hope comes ſure and better.
Be your phraſe pure, but common vſuall words,
In ſpeech the plaineſt ſtile beſt grace affords:
Full oft ambigious words loue ſo miſplace,
And a foule tongue hath hurt a beautious face:
But ſince although you yet not married be,
To go beyond vs men that care take ye.
By maides or ſome knowne lad your letters ſend
And to no ſtrange young man tokens commend.
I haue ſeene ſome maides ſo terrifide with this,
That euer after they were ſlaues I wiſſe,
Faithleſſe he is who keepes ſuch tokens backe.
And burns like *Ætna* till he ope the packe
Truſt me, we may with fraud quite fraud againe,
From force to ſhield, from force the laws maintain
One maide muſt vſe her ſelfe to many hands
Ill might he ſpeed whoſe ſhifts this rule comman
Deface the old ſeale when you do reply,
And to one writing but one hand apply.
Subſcribe your letters thus, thine in all loue,
Be his, as he was yours, this art approue,
If from ſmall things we may to greater go,
And in our ſhip ſpread our full ſaile to ſhow.
It longs to beauty to haue manners milde,
Sweet pace fits women, fierce rage ſauage wilde.
Rage ſwels the face, the vaines makes blacke wit
The eies blaſe ghaſtly like ſell *Go gons* brood(blo
Away quoth ſhe I prize not feature ſo,
Pallas ſhould view her face, where waters flow:
And ſhould you looke your anger in your glaſſe,
You wold ſcarce diſcerne your viſage whoſe it wa

Impedi-mente to beautie.
Anger.

Nor do we leſſe blame proud and loftie lookes *Pride.*
Gentle and humble eies are *Cupids* hookes,
We men do hate this ouer-weening pride,
Shew in the ſilent face, truſt him hath tride.
View him views you, if men then women ſmile,
Signes made to you, make ſignes, 'twill men beguile
Thus whiles he playes before with headles dart,
Cupid hath after wounded to the heart.
We hate men ſaid *Aiax*, *Tremeſſa* take,
We merrie *Greeks* blith wenches ſweetharts make:
Andromache. *Tremeſſa* all your ſtate,
Could not moue me to chuſe you for my mate,
Take gifts of rich men who do law profeſſe.
Giue him no fee, be his client, need the leſſe:
We that make verſe, let us ſend onely verſe
Our hearts are pliant, whoſe loue ſoon doth pierce
We ſpread abroad ſweet beautie laſting praiſe *Poets.*
We *Nemeſis*, we *Cimtheas* honour raiſe:
The Eaſt and Weſt land knew lou'd *Licoris*,
And many aske who our *Cormna* is.
Beſides we Poets from all frauds are free,
And forward manners by our Poetrie.
Nor honour vs, nor loue of money pleaſe,
We ſlight our games for priuacie and eaſe,
Soone are we caught, our loues burn fierce & bold
And where we loue we know to well to hold,
So 'tis we ſoften nature by meeke art.
And as our ſtudies, ſo our loues take part:
A fauour Maidens, a bleſt Poets will,
Heauens power we haue, the Muſes owne vs ſtill.
A God is in us we commerce with *loue*.
The ſpirit in vs boue your bright ſtars doth moue:
To looke for money from vs what a crime,
And yet no Maides do feare it in our time.

At firſt be not too eager, faine beware,
A nouice louer ſlights an open ſnare:
Nor do we rule a horſe new broke to backe,
With the ſame raines as he that's skild to racke:
To catch one ſtaid in yeares, and a briske ſwaine,
Muſt not one way, may not one courſe be taine:
Hee's rude, and in loues tents nere ſeene before,
Who a new pray touch'd thy chamber doore.
Who knows no Maid but thee, non elſe wold know
This corne would be high fenced that it may growe
If one, he is thy owne, no riualls frowne,
Two things admits no mate, Loue and a Crowne.
That ancient ſouldiers wife and ſoftly loue,
And much that younger ſcorns he meekly proues:
He'll breake no poſts, nor burne with furious fire,
Nor ſcratch his miſtris ſoft cheeks in his ire,
He'll teare no clothes, his Loues nor his owne,
Nor ſhall his torne haire giue him cauſe of mone:
Theſe things fits youthes, whoſe loue as age is hot,
This beares harſh wounds gently as they were not:
Old men burne ſoftly like a torch that's drie,
As woods from heath cut downe when firſt they lie
Old mens loue ſure, youth ſhort, but fruitfull made
Maides pluck thoſe fruites betimes, betimes which
Nay yeeld vp all, ope the gates to our foe. (fade,
That faith from faithleſſe treaſure once may flow
What's eaſie granted, long loue cannot feede,
(Deniall ſeeth) our ſports muſt oft proceede:
Let them walke at the gate cry cruell dore,
Do humbly much, but in their threats much more
We loath theſe ſweets, bitter eue makes them new
The winde oft drownd the ſhip by which it flew
Tis this makes men their wiues to ſlight ſo ſoft
They are ready preſt where ere their husbands wil

Le

Let the Maide run and cry we are vndone,
And hide the sacred youth till feare be gone
Yet sport him midst these feares lest he mistrise,
Your night's nor so much worth such feares should rise
I had like to passe by what art to deceiue.
Your husband and sly keeper to bereaue.
Wiues feare your husbands, who must keepe you in
'Tis firme by law right modestie hath him.
Her to be kept whom late reuenge hath wrought,
Who can endure to avoid these meanes be sought:
As many keepe thee as had *Argos* eyes,
If thou wilt out thou shalt defeate with lyes
Youll say your keeper doth withstand to write,
Take water for your selfe what time you might,
What can the keeper when the Cities fill,
Ot plaies and Maides see horses run that will.
When she will, a maide complaines her head,
And faining sicke, hides home she will in bed:
When the false *key* tells plainelie what is done,
And to her chamber are more waies then one.
Besides a keeper may be fox't with wine,
Preast from the grapes of Spaine, and so made thine
And there be drugs, which can cause a sound sleep,
And shut the eies fast drencht in *Lethe* deepe,
You know Maides to May quicklie finde some way
By long made sports to hold him in delay.
But what need I for to go farre about,
When one small gift may buie the keeper out,
Gifts trust me do appease both gods and men,
By gifts euen *Ioue* is pleased now and then.
What do the wise since fooles in gifts delight,
Giue, and the husband sayes nought, say he might.
Hast bought thy *keeper* once hes thine for euer.
The helpe he once affords heele faile thee neuer.

To deceiue the most watchfull keeper.

I blam'd companions now it comes to minde,
The hurt by it not men alone do finde.
Beleeue me, other Maides thy ioyes may taſte,
And others with thee hunt the Hare as faſt,
The wench that ſweepes the chãber makes the bed
With ſports of loue hath more then once bin ſped
Let not your waiting Maides be ouer faire,
Their Miſtris place by them ſupplyed are.
Where run I Madman, naked againſt my foe,
And ope thoſe ports that may me ouerthrow?
The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,
The Harts teach not the dogs to run & ſhake them,
Looke too't that need my taſke Ile do indeed,
Though 'tis to lend a ſword to make me bleed:
'Tis eaſie to make vs think we are beloued,
Their faith which to deſire is quickly moued:
Smile louely on a youth, ſigh from your hart.
Aske why he comes ſo late, a pretty art. (loue,
Shed ſome few tears, faine grief for ſome cloſe
And teare your haire as doth your paſſions moue.
He is ouercome ſtraite, pitty he will take,
And ſay his care is onely for my ſake:
If he be ſpruce, and looke faire in the glaſſe
He'll thinke the gods loue him, let not this paſſe
Who ere thou art be not thy worth ſo ſtrong.
Nor rage not ouer much. hath he done wrong?
Truſt not too ſoone what art is in this caſe,
Procris may be example haue you grace,
Neare to *Hymettus* hill a holy well,
And a moiſt ground thick graſt the ancients tell;
The wood, but vnderwood about this land,
The Crab tree, Roſemarie, Bay, Mirtle ſtand.
The thicke leau'd boxe, the Tamariske ſo ſmall,
Low ſhrubs, neat Pines, ther do theſe trees grow all

he hyſterie of Procris.

he deſcrip-on of Hy-ettus.

The

he gentle Weſt wind and the healthfull aire,
ow all thoſe leaues & grasblads which are there:
phalus loued reſt, his hounds and men forgone,
eary in youth this ground oft ſat vpon
nd thus he ſings, thou which doſt lay my heat,
ge, my breaſt come gentle aire and beat.
ne ouer dutious told his fearfull wife,
heſe words ſhe heard, and ſo began the ſtrife:
ocris who for a ſtrumpet tooke his care,
ell downe much moued with a ſuddaine feare.
ooke how the vineleaſe which you lateſt gather,
he lookt ſo pale, or far more paler rather:
nd the ripe Quince-tree which doth bend his bows
r dog-tree fruite, which none for meate allowes.
ome to her ſelfe, her garments quite ſhe tore,
om of her breaſt, and made her breaſt all gore,
nd without ſtay in rage and haſt ſhe goes,
er haire about her necke like *Bacchus* froes:
ing near the place, her mate ſhe leaues behind,
eals ſlily to the wood no feare in mind.
is thus thou thinkeſt now, who this aire ſhould be
nd her diſhoneſt tricks thine eie ſhall ſee:
er coming ſhames her now, ſhe would not take her
t now ſhe's glad ſhe's come, loue doubtfull makes
he name, the place, the ſigne all theſe agree,
nd what the mind fears, that it thinks to be,
eing the graſſe ſo by ſome body preſt.
r trembling heart knockt at her tender breaſt:
ow the Mid-day had made the ſhadowes ſhort,
he euening and the morne of equall port:
oung *Cephalus* returns vnto the wood
nd cooles his face with water as he ſtood.
ocris ſtands cloſe, on the graſſe he laies him fair,
nd cries aloud, blow weſt winde, come ſweet aire

So

So ſoone as ſhe had heard the eromious name,
Her mind and her trae colour to her came,
She riſes ,with her body the leaues ſhake,
In mind to *Cephalus* her way to take:
He thought it ſome wilde beaſt, ſnatch vp his bow,
His arrow in his right hand wont to ſhow.
What doſt thou wretch, 'tis no beaſt, ſtay thy dart
Alas, thy arrows pieree a womans heart:
She cryes out, thou haſt ſtroke thy louing breaſt,
Vpon this place thy wounds haue euer reſt.
I dye before my time, not wrong'd in loue,
This eath made me ſuſpect thee light to proue,
Aire take my breath, thee 'twas I did miſtruſt,
I dye, cloſe thou my eyes, lay me in the duſt.
She ended ſpeech and life, and falling down ,
Her husband takes her laſt breath from the groun
He beares his dying loue in woſull armes,
And wailes with tears ſo ſtrange and deadly harm
But let vs backe, I ſee I muſt be plaine,
At the loſt hauen that our ſhip may againe,
You looke now to be brought vnto a feaſt.
And that we teach you here as in the reſt
Come late, but comely brought in by night.
Thou thalt be welcome ſo delay hath might.
Though thou be blacke thou ſhalt ſeeme fair to
The night will hide thy faults both great and ſm
Eate neagely with your fingers art commands,
Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.
Eat not to long, leaue ere you would forbeare,
More then thou well canſt do, this counſell hea
Were *Helen* greedy *Paris* would her hate:
And ſay rape is fooliſh out of date,
To drinke is comely: and more fit for you,
Bacchus doth well with *Venus* this is true,

How maides muſt behaue themſelues at meate.

Dri

ri ke, but yet not more then you well can beare
nd what is one, let it not to appeare:
shamefull thing to see a woman drunke,
uch a one is fit to be each base knaues punke.
or is it safe to sleep the tables drawne,
u h shamfull things haue in your sleep bin sawne
is shame to teach you more, yet *Dion* sayes,
hame is the chiefest abiect of these layes
ach know your selues as you your bodies see,
o frame your lying in form that it may be.
Whose face is beauteous she must lye vpright,
Whose backe is best that still must be in sight:
tlantues thighes vpon his shoulders wore,
Venation be these best, shew thee the more.
ow Maides must ride, *Thebais* was somewhat long
ere sate on *Hectors* horse her pride among,
Who hath a long side, which shed haue in eye,
et her bend to her knees her necke awry:
Whose hidden parts haue not a fault or spot,
ye euer sidelong pray forget it not.
or think it a disgrace your haire to loose,
nd then thy necke cast backeward still to choose
hou that art ragged close and couered lye.
nd from mens sight like the swift *Parthian* fly:
oue hath a thousand wayes most void of pride,
o lie halfe vpright on the righer side.
pollos, *Typos*, nor horrid *Ammon* say,
or things more true then what are in our lay:
there be truth in art got by long vse,
cleeue and trust, you'll finde it in our muse.
laids see you loue vs men, plucke from the roote,
ne thing may help you and steed to boot: (sweet
ease not faire words cease not close whispering
nd wanton words must with your sports of meet.

Gestures in lying.

And

And thou whō nature hath bard loues quick ſence,
Faine pleaſant ioies though the things be from thence:
Vnhappy Maide to whom that place is dull,
Which with a man and woman ſhould be full.
Yet when you faine, beware, let none elſe know it,
For feare thy geſture or thy eies may ſhew it:
What helpes the ſpeech and ſhewes the breath is ill,
That part hath ſecrets, ſhame would hide it ſtill,
Who ſeekes a man after enioyment ſtraight,
Louing a gift would not her prayers had weight:
Ope not your windowes wide to take in light,
Much in your bodies rather fits the night,
Conclusion of the work Our ſport is done, 'tis time the ſwaines depart,
Which on their necks as yoaks haue drawn our art
As *Men* before, ſay *Maides*, when ye preuaile,
Ouid our maſter was, his hart our ſaile.

FINIS.